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Vol. XV. NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 1.

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LOOK INSIDE FOR M. I. MANUAL PART II.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1893.

PAGE.

Ramblings Around the World, VII, (Illustrated).....G. H. Snell. 11
Science and Mormonism.....Geo. F. Phillips. 18
A Lost Soul's Lament at the Gate of Death.....F. W. Jackson. 19
Preaching and Preaching, I..... N. L. Nelson. 20
Columbiana. Some Principal Palaces of the Exposition, (Illustrated).....
Josephine Spencer. 25
La Gironde. A Story of the French Revolution..... Lærtes. 32
A Lucky Resemblance..... B. F. A 39
Strict Sunday Observance.....C. A. 40
All is Right..... 40
Ancient Arizona and the Book of Mormon, I, (Illustrated) .....H. E. Baker. 41
The Culture of Mind Life. Mind Functions.....J. Whiteley. 49
Times and Events of the Middle Ages. The Christian Church....Ruby Lamont. 53
An Unexpected Friend.....M. A. 57
EDITORIAL: A Gratifying Promise..... 58
Deceiving Spirits..... 59
Man as he is.....S. W. Richards. 6
Dancing over a Volcano..... A. Gh. 62
Intelligence..... M. E. P. 63
M. I. Work and Methods .....M. H. Hardy and G. H. Brimhall. 64
M. I. Manual Part II.....Milton H. Hardy and George H. Brimhall. 65
A Kind Officer..... 68
A Cool-Headed Monarch.....C. T. 68
A Dangerous Voyage.....A. H. Cannon. 69
Music: Creation Speaks with Awful Voice 70

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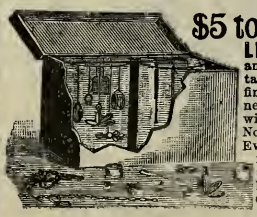

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On a Road through the Jungle, I traveled by many a pleasant League towards Delhi.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 1.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

VII.

DESCENDING the Himalayas the thin air of which can tire even the flight of the condor, the traveler comes to the district of Nepaul. Torrents dash foaming down the slopes, their position indicated by clouds of spray floating above the tree tops. Far away to the south the plain stretches like a sea, overhung by vapors wafted from the Indian Ocean, many leagues distant.

The bridle-path winds through ravines covered with dense jungle, peopled with giant ants, and vocal with the ceaseless hum of the shrill cicadæ. Elephants, tigers, leopards, wild boars and rhinoceroses inhabit the jungle, though in no great numbers. The paths trodden through the forest by the elephants are the most available roads. At the edge of the jungle we come to a modest Hindoo temple with the usual Buddhist formula painted on the walls *Om Mani Padmi om*—'Hail to him of the lotus flower and the jewel.'' Changing our jaded horses for fresh ones, the girths are tightened once more and, trending south-west, we ford the Ganges and enter Benares, the sacred city of India, and one of the holiest sites of the Hindoo religion, a city so ancient that its origin is lost in the mist of ages. It stretches for several miles along the banks of the Ganges from which ascend numerous flights of stone steps.

The houses are of stone, close together, and frequently fantastically painted in gaudy colors with groups of mythological figures from the Hindoo pantheon, with roof terraces and small windows, the latter to prevent glare, and what is more important to a Hindoo household, inspection from the street; their thoroughfares as a rule are very narrow, the opposite sides of a street in some instances approaching so near as to be united by galleries; through these tortuous lanes no carriage can pass. You walk in the wake of your guide, who warns the people, that they may stand aside and not be defiled by your touch, for that is the real secret of the apparent respect paid to foreigners; but sacred bulls, celestial cows and holy monkeys with their attendant priests are so numerous in the narrow, filthy passages that one must perforce, at times, contaminate them by contact. Phew! how the rank odors of those reeking streets float across the memory. The city contains over a thousand Hindoo temples, and upwards of three hundred Mohammedan mosques, exclusive of numberless small shrines in and out of the houses or wherever a hole in the rock or cave in the earth exists. There are monasteries and some of the monks cut off their hair, while others preserve a tuft or scalp-lock upon the crown of their head, go naked, and are destitute of any kind of clothing. Some, as in Calcutta, smear their bodies with ashes, and practice severe austerities, in

order to obtain release from death. Devotees and pilgrims, separated or in groups, are seen entering or departing from the city constantly throughout the year. They come from all parts of India. Many carry with them on their return, the sacred water of the Ganges in small bottles hermetically sealed, placed in baskets hanging from the extremity of poles, borne upon their shoulders. The poor deluded sensualist, or the usurious *Mahajan*, or native banker, enriched by a long cruise of grinding extortion, or the fanatical devotee, simple as a babe, yet guilty perhaps of the foulest crimes, still come as they came long ago, from the remotest corners of India, as the sands of life are slowly ebbing away; and fearful lest the last golden grains should escape before their journey's end, make pitiful efforts to hold on their course, till at length, arriving at the sacred city and touching its hallowed soil, their restless spirits become suddenly calm, a strange sense of relief spreads over their tired frames and they are at once cheered and comforted with the treacherous lie that their sins are forgiven and their souls are saved.

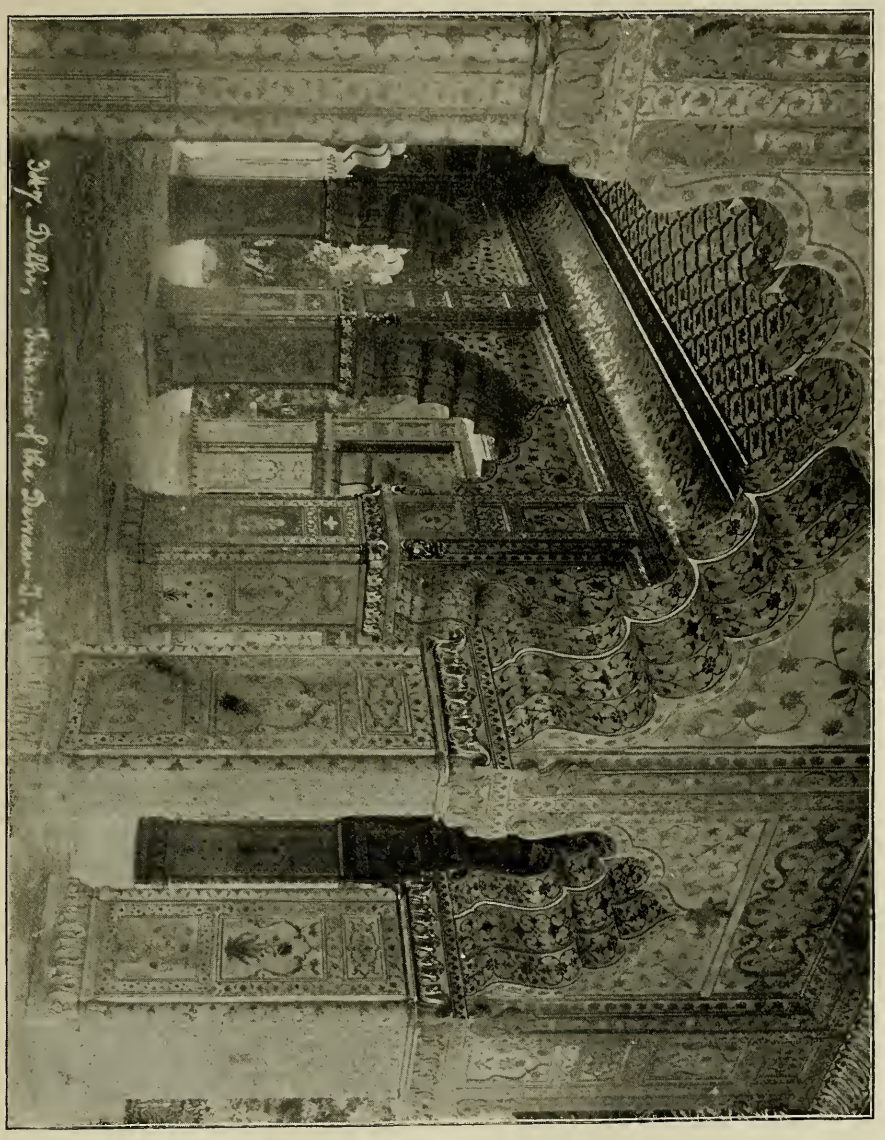
One of the Hindoo temples on the banks of the river is known as the Napalese temple, and is altogether unlike the other shrines erected by them for the practice of their religion. On its frieze many stone figures are sculptured so vile in attitude and design as to preclude description; on my asking the attendant priest why the builders had been permitted to so debase their art, he replied "in order to keep away the lightning." Aside from the many mosques, temples and minarets, the city is celebrated for the manufacture of cloth of gold and silver brocades, and for peculiarly elegant designs in brass and copper ware, lavishly carved or beaten. Many of the textile fabrics are rich and exquisite beyond description, and as costly as they are beautiful, some designs being held at four hundred and fifty dollars the square yard.

Benares is thought by Anglo-Indians to be the most magnificent and the most strictly oriental in appearance of all the cities of India. Domes and minarets, palaces with lofty, fretted verandahs, palm trees and oriental skies form a picture that is a marvel and a wonder. The city is best seen from boats on the river; its most massive structures have their foundations laid in the stream itself, and rise up to one hundred feet by terraces or *ghats*, and broad stone stairways, thus many palaces which princes have built, that they may live and die in sight of the holy stream, and mosques and temples as well, overhang the yellow, rolling river, until time itself, never halting elsewhere, seems to have lingered here.

At times a Mohammedan mosque and a Hindoo temple are found close together; this formerly occasioned many conflicts between the sects, but thanks to the liberality of the British rule which sanctions the undisturbed propagation of religious opinions where they involve no crime and occasion no damage to society, the disputes have ceased to exist.

In the early morning hours the *ghats* are crowded with hundreds of persons of both sexes, indifferent to each other's presence, engaged in their religious baths. It certainly does not speak well for the liberality of the wealthy Hindoos of Benares, that there is not a single *ghat* where their females might bathe secluded from the gaze of the other sex.

A couple of miles below the city on the opposite side of the river, stands the palace of his highness, the Maharajah of Benares; it is furnished in European style and foreigners, properly introduced, are permitted to visit the palace and grounds; the structure is pretentious and rambling as viewed from the river, and its walls are curiously in-



MARBLE PALACE AT DELHI (INDIA)

termingled with sculptured marble of ivory whiteness, common plaster and cheap cement. In the picture gallery I saw gaudy wood cuts belonging to the prize candy or cigar box era of decorative art, framed and hanging side by side with rare miniature portraits on ivory of the Maharajah's ancestors, the latter unquestionably executed by foreign artists of the highest eminence.

Cawnpore was the next city at which a halt was made, and its objects of interest center around the "Massacre." The wholesale butcheries there committed are unequaled for foul atrocity and treachery by any of the other fearful slaughters by the rebels during the horrors of the never-to-be-forgotten great Indian mutiny. The individual facts are matters of history, and have been published an endless number of times, generally to the detriment of the native troops,

and of course to the native character. The British oppressors never dreamed of a revolt of the native soldiery. Individual cases of vengeance occurred at intervals; but the idea of anything like a great uprising was as absurd as an insurrection among the beasts of burden. And so, perhaps, it might have remained, had the conquerors abstained from touching the one sensitive point of *caste*. No one but a Hindoo can appreciate what is involved in this word. To him to lose caste is to be outlawed in this life, and to be cursed in all life to come throughout the endless ages of eternity. In Lower India the recruits generally belonged to the inferior castes. In Bengal they belonged mainly to the higher castes, among whom the usages of the Hindoo religion were faithfully guarded. More than once the English government had touched this one sensitive point, but had taken timely warning and refrained. Later, the time came when, grown bold by success, they thought they might ignore this last concession to Hindoo feeling. It had been resolved to introduce the Enfield rifle into the native service. The change involved the use of greased cartridges, the ends of which must be bitten off by the soldier. Now, among the means by which caste is forfeited in India, one of the most notable is the tasting of animal fat. The greased cartridges were furnished by contractors and the sepoys believed, not unreasonably, that the fat of cows and swine were employed in their manufacture. Every sepoy who used one of these was thus liable to all the horrors implied in the loss of caste. The whole difficulty might have been avoided by allowing them to prepare their own cartridges with vegetable oils or butter. But the British commander-in-chief declared that no concession should be made to the "beastly prejudices of the natives." He afterwards rescinded his decision; but it was too late; the great Indian mutiny had broken out, and the whole Bengal army had disbanded or was in open revolt.

When the troops at Cawnpore mutinied, Nana Sahib the Maharajah of Bithoor was placed at their head. Nine hundred persons of whom seven hundred and fifty were Europeans, more than two hundred being women and children, were besieged in an intrenched camp near the city. After a bitter struggle in which the besieged suffered the extremes of hunger and thirst they capitulated under promise of being safely conducted to Allahabad. The men were placed in boats, where they were shot down almost to a man, only four escaping. The women were taken into Cawnpore where the Nana had them cut down in cold blood. The floor of the room in which they were slaughtered was found next day by English troops who had come up, ankle-deep in blood.

Today the city has a memorial garden in an enclosure beautifully laid out and tastefully kept in order; within its bounds are the sites where some of the most frightful scenes were enacted. A monument built over the fatal "well," is on an octagonal space of ground, enclosed by a stone wall with richly carved panels, in the center of which stands the marble figure of a sorrowing angel; an inscription informs the visitor that it was raised to the perpetual memory of two hundred or more men, women and children who were slain by order of the Nana Sahib, and their bodies, the dying with the dead, thrown into the well beneath. At the subsequent defeat of the rebels the Nana escaped and strange to relate it is not known to this day in India whether the monster is alive or not, so well has the secret been kept.

An admirable trait in the character of Hindoo princes, maharajahs, rajahs, baboos and other wealthy East Indians, is that of hospitality, and the writer was fortunate enough to experience an instance of it on the evening of the day he left Cawnpore. The sole

occupant of a carriage with nothing to do and four hours in which to do it, while waiting for a belated train I was driving listlessly about the streets and finally came to a small open square, facing a large, handsome bungalow surrounded by a low stone wall with gilded iron gates. In an open space on the lawn sat the lord of the manor and a group of friends with the usual retinue of servants filling in the background; the party was being entertained by native musicians keeping time to the lithe, graceful swaying movements of a group of Nautch girls; the carriage was stopped at a retired spot in the little square under some pomegranate trees, and its occupant settled back among the cushions, prepared to enjoy a performance he had frequently heard about but never witnessed; a few moments later a swarthy attendant in livery crossed the square, came to the carriage door and enquired "if the gentleman would honor his master by joining the group on the lawn?" The gentleman would and did, the invitation was accepted as promptly and courteously as given; the company were all natives except the writer, and, after introductions had followed, a seat was arranged for him beside the host; the dancing of the Nautch girls continued almost without interruption during the three hours that he remained, one girl succeeding another and never more than one dancing at a time. The movements were languid but always graceful, and sometimes accompanied by a low voiced singing, a species of chant that at times was indescribably sad; during lulls in the undulating dances and half-weird vibrating music, refreshments were served to the belated guest, and he was introduced to three bright little boys, children of the host, but not to the *zernani*, nor did he see any member of the harem, although their presence was more than suspected behind a perforated marble screen facing a summer house. The refreshments were as peculiar as the music and the deportment of the dancers; first cardamon seeds were brought in on small silver trays, then came hydromel, a mixture of honey and water in gold lined goblets; this was followed by small salvers of sweetmeats, laid on fresh lotos leaves, and finally three cut glass phials of peculiar shape containing heavy essential oils of rare and unusual scent, which can be likened only to a mingled odor of musk and camphor, not the musk of commerce, but that which makes the air heavy around large serpents in confinement. The perfumes were poured together, drop by drop, on a small ivory disc, mixed and with the tips of the fingers each guest was lightly touched on the arms, breast and shoulders; the redolence clung to the attire for days afterwards and would come and go, sometimes strong and clear, at others faint and far.

From Cawnpore, on a road through the jungle, I traveled by many a pleasant league towards Delhi, a beautiful city which the Hindoo chroniclers place the founding of as far back as B. C. 1400. It has been possessed and governed often by the Hindoos, Mohammedans, Tartars, Afghans and Moguls. Thirty-five years ago the British wrested it from the rebel troops, and since then, under the English rule, it has advanced in prosperity. The thrilling scenes at its capture, when some of their most valiant men fought and fell, are matters of history ; and their deeds of daring and endurance, both at Delhi and Lucknow, will never be forgotten, at least among English speaking races. The fort and palace of the Moguls are very interesting ; in the latter's hall of audience once stood that celebrated "peacock throne," composed of jasper, malachite, gold and precious stones, and said to have cost three million dollars. It was finally demolished and the material taken away as plunder by Nadir Shah of Persia.

HINDOO GIRLS (INDIA).

In going through the native bazars, one finds that the people, in features, dress, character and habits differ entirely from those of Madras and some of the other presidencies of India. Of the many mendicant lepers who appeared interested in my arrival at Delhi, the most repulsive was encountered on the first day; his distorted hands, most of the fingers gone, clutched the fragment of a soiled sheet about the hips and shoulders, but as he appeared suddenly before me with the usual appeal, a gust of wind displaced his scant covering momentarily and I saw with horror that he was entirely white. Noting at once my repellant look, he immediately cried, "O Effendi, me white man." I hurriedly threw some coppers towards him and carefully avoided that neighborhood during the rest of my stay.

The principal hotel of Delhi, containing thirteen rooms, is built against an ancient city wall, on the opposite side of which a small running stream separates the wall from the jungle; most of the bedroom windows overlook the space beyond, and every night after the guests have retired, come myriads of jackals to this opening and commence their plaintive, unmelodious howling; the large Indian moon seems to vex them; when the landlord is appealed to, remonstrated with, or sworn at, he replies that animal life is sacred in India. Oriental hotel keepers can lie in any position and their rest is rarely broken; not so the stranger within the gates; that poor devil, defrauded of rest, begins to move about as the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the east, and half an hour later can be seen at the Cashmere gate, seated near the old ruined fane of an old ruined god, watching intently the glittering Oriental life which swarms in and out of the great covered bridge which leads to the Vale of Cashmere in the north. A closed carriage, resembling a hearse, but heavily latticed against wanton glances from without, conveys a Mohammedan lady and her daughter out for an airing. Hindoo girls, with bare limbs, ankles, and wrists, laden with bangles, the flowing outlines of their forms revealed by bright colored raiment which swathes them tightly, chatter gaily at stone tanks while drawing water, or in groups walk to their huts, their pliant, yielding figures swaying as they go, with brazen water vessels poised on their shapely heads. A dozen or twenty Hindoo women and girls brush by me, pass down to the river bank forty yards below and commence to disrobe for their religious baths. They will wade in, drink in, and pray in the sacred river for an hour to come, and my attention is willingly drawn to a caravan of seventy or eighty laden camels now crossing the bridge; as there is a dispute on hand about the toll to be paid, it gives one of the camel drivers an opportunity to sit down by me and ask for a light, on receiving which he grows communicative and offers to sell me his camel for ninety rupees, about thirty dollars; on my complaining that the price is too high, he offers another for forty rupees, the latter beast is ailing somewhat but will be all right in a few days, he swears it by Mohammed: on being further told that if the writer decided to purchase a camel at Delhi, some grievous malady would be its chief merit, the sicker the better, in hopes that its spirit would take its flight before the writer took his, the child of the plain becomes puzzled and then abusive, on which he is politely requested in good Hindoostanee, to *jehandum cojow*, which means—well, no matter, he did not go there, but untying his ship of the desert led it away toward the bazars. *G. H. Snell.*

Appetite maketh the food sweet.

Authors, like coins, grow dearer as they grow older.

SCIENCE AND MORMONISM.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a perceptible wave passing through the thoughts of the leaders of religion today warning them that in religious matters, dogmatism has seen its last days. A feeling of unrest, of scepticism, of aching void, a yearning of the soul of man for truth is there present. At the same time one can perceive, dimly, a similar and equally solicitous feeling gradually asserting itself in the breasts of the leaders of scientific thought. The cause of this is, at bottom, doubtless, the desire which these men have to obtain the truth.

Science is usually defined as "classified knowledge;" but it is something more than this. It is in a word THE TRUTH. That which is untrue is *ipso facto* unscientific. Theory or hypothesis is not science unless it can reasonably be demonstrated to be true. Then and then only can it be said to become scientific. On the other hand it is equally true and equally apparent, that all religion is not true. In its literal sense, religion is a "binding back" presumably of the soul of man to its Maker. And as God is the source of all truth, (and the only source,) it follows that religion is only true to the extent it inculcates principles enabling the soul to find its way back to God, which are themselves true. This must be self-evident. It were, indeed, folly to suppose that anything that is in itself misleading could enable us to find the truth, much less the source of all truth. Consequently that which is true in science and religion cannot be contradictory of one another, since error alone can contradict or be contradicted by the truth.

It will thus be conceded that a religion to be true must not violate any principle of science that has been demonstrated, neither must it contravene any of the observed laws of nature, since in the historic words of Avogadro "the laws of nature are the thoughts of God."

"The problem of our age," says Archdeacon Hare, "is to reconcile faith with knowledge, philosophy with religion. The men of our age will not believe you unless you prove to them that what they are called upon to believe does not contradict the laws of their minds, and that it rests upon a solid and unshaken foundation."

It shall be the aim of the writer to show that Mormonism is the only system of religion that answers all the tests that the most rigid scientific investigation can apply. Further than this, that per contra those scientific hypotheses which do not respond to the laws of the Gospel can, by them, be demonstrated to be untrue.

These articles are designed mainly for the use of Elders who are abroad preaching the Gospel. It is hereby respectfully urged that there is a large portion of the most intelligent and brainy classes in the world today who cannot be approached on the well-beaten ground of Biblical and Book of Mormon criticism. As yet little or no attempt has been made to approach the youths engaged studying at the colleges and universities of the world. Most of these young men are extremely honest-hearted, and if they were approached in the right direction the writer is confident that many converts could be made. It is high time to repel the allegation so often urged, that it is only the "ignorant and superstitious" the Mormon Elder "tries to beguile." On the grounds of the highest scientific criticism we can demonstrate the beauty of the Gospel and its perfect harmony with the good, the beautiful and the true.

The writer was until recently, a student for many years of one of the most noted European universities, and is aware of the feelings existing there. "Give us the truth, we are sick of the cant and hypocrisy of so-called religion. If your religion conforms to the concepts of science,

well and good, but where is it, gentlemen?" These words represent the thoughts of the educated portion of the rising generation in the world.

With regard to the claim of "Mormonism" it must be conceded that it offers all and more, that the most exacting scientist can demand, as witness the following from the last section of our declaration of faith: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men. . . . IF THERE IS ANYTHING VIRTUOUS, LOVELY, OR OF GOOD REPORT OR PRAISEWORTHY WE SEEK AFTER THESE THINGS."

The only question that arises is "can it be demonstrated that the principles of Mormonism are true?" What scientific grounds can be advanced, for instance, for the Mormon concept of faith, repentance, baptism by immersion, laying on of hands, etc., etc.?

The writer shall take up these, as well as other principles of the Gospel, seriatim, and apply the test of demonstrated science (not theory) and it will be found that the most perfect harmony and coincidence prevail.

Geo. F. Phillips, M. A.
Principal Weber Stake Academy,
Ogden.

He who pampers his appetite is the enemy of his own body.—*Cæcilianus.*

Fleets and armies are not always the strongest bulwarks.—*Tacitus.*

A LOST SOUL'S LAMENT

AT THE GATE OF DEATH.

O Death! grim Death! and must I meet thy frown,
And pass thy dismal gates, and wander down
Through endless time, an outcast from on high?
Is this my fate? My only destiny?
Oh, darkly frowning portals, must I go
Through thy dread entrance to the shades below
To swell the hosts, innumerable now,
That writhe within with torture graven brow?
Gape not so widely, all devouring shade;
Less fiercely gleam on this poor soul, betray'd
By sinful pleasure to thy darksome gate,
And forced to pass thee to an unknown fate!

Oh, dark, how dark! thy great beyond appears
To me all burdened with my sinful fears!
No shade of hope have I to bear me past
Thy dismal portals, from whence comes a blast
Of freezing terror on my sweating brow,
And shakes my being with its horrors now!
Back, back I gaze along my checkered past,
With darksome deeds and sinful acts o'ercast;
Deeds, damning deeds, is all that greets my eye,
So vainly searching in the long gone by
For one small deed or virtuous action done
Along the course of my existence run.

Oh, God! how black, how dismal black appears
The sin-stained record of my mortal years!
Oh, sentient clay, that forms my earthly home,
Must I from thee into oblivion roam,
A soul unknown, to heavenly pleasures lost,
And on the waves of endless torments toss'd?
Sad fate indeed! Yet why bemoan that fate,
When all is lost and my repentance late!
Ah! light grows dim; my earthly vision fades
As Death's dark gloom enwraps me in its shades;
Its gaping portal opes its cavern'd jaw,
Prepared to hurl me to its torturing maw!

Behold! behold! yon beams of golden light
Stream from afar upon my fading sight;
See those bright gates through which an angel throng,
With hallelujahs and seraphic song,
Come forth to meet a soul from earth arisen,
And welcomed thus into the realms of heaven!
Shut out the sight! Shut out the glowing scene!
Nor rack me more with what I might have been!

'Tis past! 'Tis past! The golden hour is gone;
My doom is sealed; hell the reward I've won;
Eternal torment in yon gaping grave!
Oh, would that I could sink 'neath Lethe's wave
To rise no more; to know no further woe,
But that, alas! is not my fate; ah, no!
Death, unrelentless Death! thy gateways swing,
And their harsh gratings on my senses ring!
The moment's past; the pang of death is o'er;
Life's cares are past; its sorrows are no more;
I downward sink into thy dreadful gloom,
While darkness rolls across my endless tomb!

F. W. Jackson.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

I.

OUGHT PREACHING TO BE MADE A FORMAL STUDY?

In opening this discussion, dear reader, I do not feel sufficient self-confidence to proceed without first halting to make your personal acquaintance, to feel the warmth of your sympathy, and to hear you wish God's blessings on this humble endeavor. How would the young Elder—your own son or brother—feel; with what heart and courage would he enter upon the duties of a foreign mission, so new and strange to him, if sent from home with no loving farewell; if, instead of the encouraging words ringing in his ears, and the group of warm, sympathetic faces locked in the album of his heart—he must look back for two or three years upon a leave-taking of the coolest business formality? And yet a foreign mission is now so common that it need excite neither novelty nor dread; but here I stand before a mental mission unopened hitherto, so far as I am aware, among the Latter-day Saints; how much greater my need of your sympathy and prayer!

Preaching is what we all do and have done almost from the beginning. Both sexes, and all ages, participate in public speaking in some one or more of the numerous meetings of the Church organization. Elders, venerable with age and good works, whose lives are half within the veil; babes in the Primary Associations, whom the angels still hold by the hand, alike stand up and give vent to the spirit.

"Who then are you, that presume to discuss this subject?" Who am I, indeed, if God does not bless my thoughts! But, surely, what concerns us so generally, it must be profitable to be called to reflect upon. If preaching, or public speaking, be so prominent a part of our spiritual food, can this food be *improved*—in seasonableness, in flavor and nutritiveness—by thinking about how to prepare it and how to serve it? I shall proceed in this work, guided at every step by the conviction that it can be; that preaching, like praying, like teaching, like farming—in short like any activity of mind or muscle, is clearly capable of improvement even as they are capable of improvement—by studying carefully the *why* and the *how*.

But many Elders do not agree with me in this. These I desire also to carry with me from the start. It is only just therefore that I stop briefly to consider this objection.

Whenever it is urged that due attention be given to the manner of preaching, these at once cry: "Prepared sermons! Sectarianism! that's what we left the world to get away from. No, 'take no thought about what ye shall say'—that is the only kind of preaching God is pleased with."

One gray-haired father in Israel whom I approached for ideas, intimating the purpose I had in view, answered quickly and with great warmth: "There is nothing to discuss: the word of God says that he who would preach, must do so by the Holy Ghost, and if he have not the Holy Ghost, he should not preach. Now that is the beginning and the end of the whole matter; for if a man have the Spirit to dictate him, all the rules and discussions in the world won't help him, and if he doesn't, he will not need them for he is not permitted to preach."

Now these answers are certainly discouraging enough, especially to the young and inexperienced who may be feebly thinking about self-improvement in this important matter. The objection carries enough truth and authority so that to minds unaccustomed to keen discrimination, it appears to be a leveling argument. It is, in fact, only a great Shibboleth,

that gets away with the reasoning by killing the reasoner, so to speak.

It is related of one dogmatic Elder, who generally carried his weapons loaded to the muzzle with single conclusive shots, that he once held up a well-dressed citizen on the public highway, and demanded,—eying him sternly:

"Do you believe Joseph Smith to be a Prophet of the Lord?"

"No, sir, I do not," replied the man indignantly.

"Well I wouldn't give much for your skin, then. Good-day, sir."

Now in like manner all the work of the Elders might be concluded with a blow: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned." But would this conclusion conclude? And if men acted thereby, would it be faith or fear that moved them?

Now of such a kind is the dogmatic argument against studying preaching as an art. But let us examine it more closely.

Observe first how admirably this argument is adapted to justify our indolence and flatter our holiness. The gray-haired Elder in our Sabbath meeting, the young man before the Improvement Association, the Seventy before his quorum theological class—all stand up and claim a a merit for not being prepared. Their mind, they start in by saying, is utterly vacant. Now, if they would sit down after making this confession, they might count on, if not the sympathy. at least the pity of the audience. But alas! it is not so: they go on exhibiting this vacancy.

When we strike a barrel and it gives us an hollow sound, this first stroke is a pleasure because it conveys some information to us, viz: that the barrel is empty. The second stroke does not even excite curiosity, and the third if we are compelled to bend our attention upon it, becomes painful. Try to sense the cumulative pain then of having to listen attentively and expectantly to one hour of this beating. Of course, if we pay only the dreamy attention that we do to a waterfall, allowing the mind to busy itself elsewhere, we can sit through such drumming, without getting nervous. The agony begins when one bends his mind for ideas, and gets sounds. This pain is evidently caused by the conflict of duty and knowledge: the duty one feels of paying strict attention to the speaker, and the conviction by the first stroke that the barrel is empty. When such a speaker arises and announces that he has nothing on his mind to say, we contemplate the fact in connection with the man and the occasion. But when he proceeds to take a whole hour of our time in saying it, one of three things happens: we sleep—blessed escape! —we wander, or we are mentally tortured.

Would that for three consecutive Sundays there was but one channel—the last—for the mind of every Latter-day Saint! How eagerly we should then turn to the Scriptures to see if God has really promised to put thoughts and ideas into vacant heads; to discover if infinite wisdom may really be expected to rest upon the man who virtually says: "Here I am, Lord; I have a mouth and a good pair of lungs, which I will loan you for a brief season; fill me up, and start me going."

Right here, kind reader, I ask your indulgence while we understand each other, on another point. My habit of putting things strongly, a habit I can scarce control at times, is, I observe manifesting itself. Do not be offended thereby. My only apology for touching this subject at all, is the laudable hope of improving—reforming.

To lay bare defects and abuses is at best but clearing off the brush and preparing the soil. The work is profitless if it stop here. But to remedy those defects, to reform those abuses—this is the harvest which alone can reward the laborer.

Now my experience as a teacher convinces me that where a truth has reached the point in expression where we may say it is plain, there is still something needed—some force or energy, to carry it home. Truth, it seems to me, is effective only when in motion; at rest, or feebly moving, it needs apologizing for. To use only enough powder to bring out the charge is idle firing; it serves only to befog the air.

If my illustrations are harsh or extreme, the seeming so to you indicates that they were intended for sensibilities less keen than your own. If I resort occasionally to satire and ridicule, when you think I should excite emulation by praise, it is because I believe human nature to be so constructed that every man accepts greedily the praise for himself—and recommends the emulation to his neighbor.

Praise, while it is the natural stimulus of healthy growth, is a poor reformer. Let a certain complexion be praised by every tongue and one girl will go to the gymnasium and ten to the drug store. Praises, like balms and healing ointments, serve frequently only to "film the ulcerous place." But ridicule probes. Satire cauterizes—burns away the proud flesh. Let us not, then, despise these merciless instruments. He who refuses heroic treatment must often live and die a cripple.

If the reader, now, will pardon this personal digression, and let it be my standing apology throughout this discussion, I will proceed where I left off.

We were considering the objection of certain Elders against the study of preaching for preaching's sake. It was pointed out that the summary manner of firing a single quotation of Scripture assumed to be conclusive at your opponent, and then refusing to listen further, is a disposition of the question that does not dispose of it. As well cut out your adversary's tongue, and then boast that you have silenced him effectually. The Elders, by the by, who have been refused a night's lodging on the authority of a certain text in John about heretics will appreciate the force of this truth.

Yet in spite of this, the argument it was pointed out, generally obtains, or rather is not generally opposed, because it furnishes in fact a convenient Jonah's gourd under which to *shirk*. If for no other purpose than to take away this shield of idleness, this flattery of saintliness, it is to be hoped that the worm is at work to tumble the argument on the heads of those that confide in it.

But aside from this view, is it common sense to hold it sacrilege to *prepare* for preaching? Take any other activity that engages the human mind, and what is the measure of success? Not energy, nor much energy, but much *wisely-directed* energy. Hercules' mighty labors—a babe can do mightier today by merely touching a button. Wisely-directed means scientifically directed, and this again means directed according to law.

What do you think of the man that builds a mill exactly as his father and grandfather did? He thereby gets only five per cent. of the power of the stream, while the latest turbine would give him ninety-five. He obstinately refuses to open his eyes to "new-fangled notions." What is he? You are ready to call him bad names.

Let us not be too hasty. We might strike too near home. He is simply a gentleman who prefers to follow his "innate good sense and God-given intelligence," to adopting the results of the experience of mankind.

If he could thus "go it blind" for a thousand years, the rude shocks of experience might bring him eventually to the turbine. Thus, also, in all other avocations: we may shut our eyes, and with all the glorious(?) independence(?) of following the bent

of our natural intelligence, we shall not fail to be harnessed, like blind Samson, to the prison mills of a bygone age; or we may open them, and become the heirs of six thousand years' thought and experience. Not understood, the forces of nature make slaves of men. Understood, the reverse is true. It is not a question of greater energy in modern times, but of greater wisely-directed energy, that makes one man's effort count against the efforts of a thousand in ancient times. The difference is traceable to a careful study of the *why* and the *how*.

These thoughts are so elementary and familiar to all that they can scarcely be put tersely enough to relieve their triteness. The marvel is that there should be any unwilling to concede them to be applicable to preaching. What is preaching but one of many methods of teaching—one of many avenues to reach and influence the human mind? Now, the human mind and the means of influencing it, have been studied by the wisest men of every age since the days of Aristotle. No field of investigation shows greater activity today than does this one; all which indicates that much still is unknown. But shall we on this account refuse to avail ourselves of the many truths that *are* known? Shall the farmer refuse to give up his crude methods because all is not yet known in the science of agriculture?

"But it is different with preaching," urges the objector, "preaching is from God."

So is farming, yea, digging canals, hauling wood, and building bridges. Who shall rise up and say of the very least agency which contributes toward making man like his Father, that it is not of God? This distinction between things as human and divine is a sectarian notion, unworthy the enlightenment of a Latter-day Saint. All truths are divine. We live upon a divine earth, breathe a divine atmosphere, refresh ourselves at divine fountains, admire the beauties of a divine environment, draw our very life's blood from divine elements. What different men and women we shall become when we learn to reverence all God's gifts as we do the single gifts of His word! Brigham Young never preached a more eloquent sermon than when he said to Brother Maeser: "Do not attempt to teach even the multiplication table without the Spirit of God."

But, it is urged, inspiration levels all. The humblest mind inspired, becomes the mightiest power for good.

True; but inspiration is modified in affectiveness by the medium through which it works, nevertheless. For instance, without humility the most cultured mind is a non-conductor, if I may use so material an expression. Of two equally humble and God-fearing men that set out to till the soil, he is blest with the better harvest that has the greater skill. It is no whit different with preaching, else why should one preacher be more effective than another? He has a greater talent, you urge. That merely shifts the question, but enables me to exhibit another phase. If a man be born with the talent of preaching developed, it argues a careful cultivation of it during pre-existence. It not well-developed it argues indifferent cultivation. Again, if preaching be a talent, may it lie buried in the ground, save only as it is dug up weekly, or occasionally, simply because it is the preaching talent? Again, shall he who has the greater talent wait contentedly the slow growth of the lesser? Or shall he that has the lesser gift refuse to cultivate it till God make it equal to the greater?

There is another argument—that drawn from necessity. Strictly speaking, the doing a thing pre-supposes the having learned how. He that plays by ear cannot claim that he has not studied. Attention he must have

paid to his art but not wisely directed attention, since he refuses to avail himself of laws which are the heritage of the race. In like manner all, or nearly all studies may be undertaken either logically or empirically. Those who pursue a study logically stand in a comparatively short time on the shoulders of their predecessors; or to vary the figure, reach the frontier of investigation, and may themselves become discoverers and inventors. Those who follow the other method seldom pass the dead level of mediocrity. The Elder that preaches, be that preaching good, bad, or indifferent, must have given attention to it even if it be only the attention of imitation. But imitation is only an echo, which rarely succeeds in reproducing the force and clearness of the thing imitated. Besides, when applied to preaching, imitation becomes a peculiarly unfortunate process: what is a merit in the original often changes to a defect in the copyist.

But why pursue this argument further? The objection against a careful study of preaching as an art can come, it seems to me, only from thoughtlessness, or at least from immature reflection. Pages ago I felt, as no doubt has also the reader, that I was beating the air, there being no opposition. If, then, the general principle is conceded, which I now assume, that preaching, like any other activity, can be improved, both as to matter and manner, by a careful study of its underlying laws, the question then arises, is there need that we as Latter-day Saint Elders pursue this study. Let me answer this question by a parable:

A certain rich man desired to make for himself a spacious garden. Straightway he sent to every land for laborers whom he could trust. He enquired neither as to their skill nor their experience, but only if they were honest men. When he had thus gathered a goodly number he led them to a wide field and said: "Behold, here I have planted trees and vines and flowers of every variety that delight the eye or furnish food for man. In the richest spot thereof I have planted a tree choice above all other trees; for whereas these do but satisfy a mortal appetite, the fruit of this tree ministers to the soul of man. Again, it is choice, because it is the only tree of its kind in the world, albeit there are in every garden many wild varieties of it. This garden I now leave to your care till my return: see that ye betray not this trust."

Now the soil was virgin and the laborers industrious and willing to learn: so the garden throve exceedingly. Especially did the sacred tree (for so they called it) grow and thrive, almost, it seemed, without the thought or care of the laborers; so that long ere the other trees began to bear, this tree put forth its fruit; and great was the harvest, luscious the flavor, and many the people that came to partake of it.

Now after many years when the other trees began to bear abundantly, each laborer betook himself to some part of the garden, and soon became burdened with the much fruit thereof. And the sacred tree became no one's care. The weeds grew rank about its trunk, and many of its limbs began to show dry ends, for the life-giving stream was used elsewhere. On stated days the laborers assembled about the tree, and many were sorrowful when they looked upon it. Nevertheless they went back again to their burdensome labors, and forgot all about it.

At length there arose a man with a cunningly devised speech: "Behold," said he, "is not this tree sacred? and doth not its fruit fit men for heaven? What then are *we* that we should presume to dig about it and prune it? Hath the divine any need of the human? Are not the wild trees of this kind in other gardens thus cultivated by human hands? May not this become like unto them if culti-

vated according to our poor finite skill?"

Now the saying pleased some of the laborers and satisfied others. But many of the people came no more to eat of the fruit, for they said it was become dry and tasteless; and they that came often ate in bitterness of soul, being roundly upbraided the while because of them that staid away. Some of the laborers stoutly declared that the fault was not in the fruit, but in the taste, and they pointed to many slack things beside to prove this. But the wise among them saw that it was both in the fruit and in the taste, and they saw also that the first was largely the cause of the second. But these discreetly held their peace, lest they should be accounted malcontents, and so it is even unto this day.

What now will the master say when he doth return? Will he not say: "Is not this the most precious tree in the garden? and, behold, how ye have neglected it! The trees on all sides of it ye have labored with—even the trees whose fruit is worldly—so that their tops do overshadow, and almost shut out the sunlight of heaven from it. Go to, now, cut down those trees and spare not. Then dig about and water and prune this choice tree, till it stretch forth its glad arms toward heaven, and again bare fruit that is luscious, so that multitudes shall flock hither as to a feast."

This, my brethren and sisters, I believe to be the solemn duty of the hour. In my next I shall consider what God has said to guide us with reference to the subject of preaching.

N. L. Nelson.

COLUMBIANA.

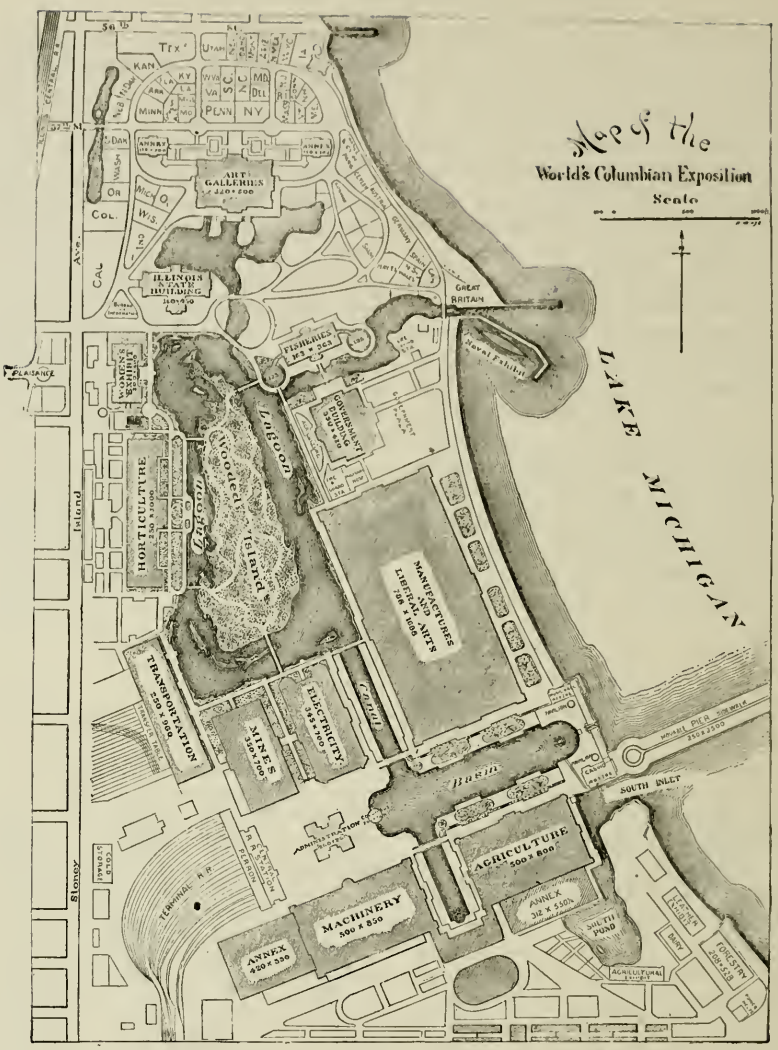
SOME PRINCIPAL PALACES OF THE EXPOSITION.

Of the group of magnificent buildings surrounding the Court of Honor in the World's Fair Grounds, the most noted perhaps is the beautiful structure known as the Administration Building.

The edifice occupies the most conspicuous position on the grounds, being placed at the head of the Court of Honor, and facing the Peristyle, which is the chief entrance and gateway to the Exposition. Its gilded dome is the first object which attracts one upon approaching the grounds from whatever direction, and is especially commanding from the waters of Lake Michigan, where it can be seen from a distance of many miles.

Its architecture is appropriate and imposing, its design being in four pavilions eighty-four feet square, one at each of the four angles of a square, and connected by a great central rotunda and dome, one hundred and twenty feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet high. Its design consists of three stages or stories, rising and developing one from another with beautiful and imposing effect. The first stage or story corresponds in height with the pavilions around it, which are about sixty-five feet high. In the center of each facade is a deep recess, thirty-two feet wide, in which is a grand entrance to the building—each being fifty feet in height. This stage is surmounted by a balustrade which bounds the spacious porticos which circle the building.

The second story is a continuation of the central rotunda, one hundred and seventy-five feet square, surrounded on all sides by a lofty and open colonnade, which gives a majestic and classic effect to the structure. The third stage consists of the artistically designed base of the great dome, ornamented with beautiful architectural devices and groups of

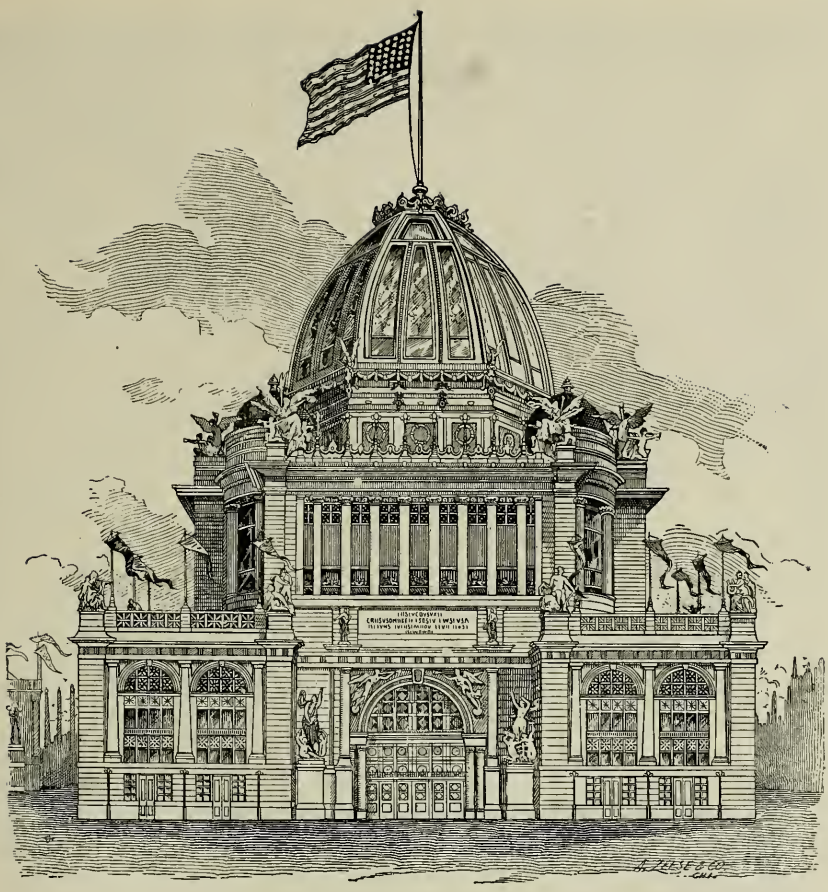


statuary—and the splendid dome itself rising gracefully from its architectural pedestal against the sky, outlined with curved ribs and inlaid with sculptured panels.

The interior of the building is octagonal, with eight splendid arches designating the deeply recessed openings. In the four corner pavilions, which are four stories high, are the offices of the Fair administration, chiefs of the various departments, etc., an elevator in each of the pavilions making the location eminently convenient.

The height of the dome from the floor is two hundred feet, and an opening fifty feet wide at its top, admits sufficient light into the building. The underside of the dome is ornamented with panels containing sculptures and paintings representing emblematic subjects.

Upon the upper dome is a splendid painting representing the "Glorification of the Arts and Sciences." It shows Apollo, seated on a lofty throne, conferring honors upon the victors in war and the leaders in science and art.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

A procession of figures representing music, poetry, art, etc., surround the throne, and at the feet of Apollo kneels a young warrior, bending gracefully to the reception of his laurels. Winged figures are in the background holding aside the curtains that drape the walls of the Parthenon, which is the scene of the representation.

Below this at the top of the first dome are eight panels, each having a group of statuary done in plaster of paris. The central figure in all is that of a woman with outstretched arms, and holding in each hand a wreath with which to crown some of the figures before her. The central figure is the genius of the World's Columbian Exposition, the kneeling figures in front representing literature, the sciences, arts and industries, upon which recognition and honor are being bestowed.

Below these a row of medallions show the types of the women of different nations of earth, and beneath on a strip of white moulding are printed the names of men whose inventions and discoveries have been of importance in aiding the progress of the world. Above the arches which mark the ending of the first dome are eight panels, each with a gilt slate supported by two winged figures, and on each slate is the record of some great discovery or event in the history of the world's development.

The whole is a triumph of artistic

and emblematic design and makes up an interior which is justifiably considered as rivaling the most noted structures of the kind in the world. The cost of the building is four hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars.

A portico at the base of the dome provides a spendid vantage spot of observation for the entire Fair Grounds and as it is reached by the elevators which are in each of the arches of the rotunda, numbers of people avail themselves of the opportunity of viewing the superb sight. Directly in front of the building is the lagoon with its square of blue water dotted with gondolas and other picturesque pleasure boats, its head crowned with the splendid Columbian Fountain, and the further end with the great statue of liberty, and the classic Peristyle, with its groups of beautiful statues and glimpses of the blue waters of the lake showing through the white columns. While to the north, west and south stretch the enchanting vistas made up of majestic buildings, beautiful lagoons, and picturesque bridges spanning in graceful arches the waters of the winding canals, a scene which once beheld is not easily forgotten.

Next to the Administration Building, the structure whose beauty of architecture most attracts attention is the Palace of Agriculture, its royal cognomen being eminently appropriate for the splendid work and design belonging to the edifice. The structure is composed of a main hall or building five hundred by eight hundred feet, and an annex three hundred by five hundred feet —the total cost being six hundred and eighteen thousand dollars. On each corner and in the center of the building are graceful pavilions which break the long line of the facade and give a beautiful effect to the design.

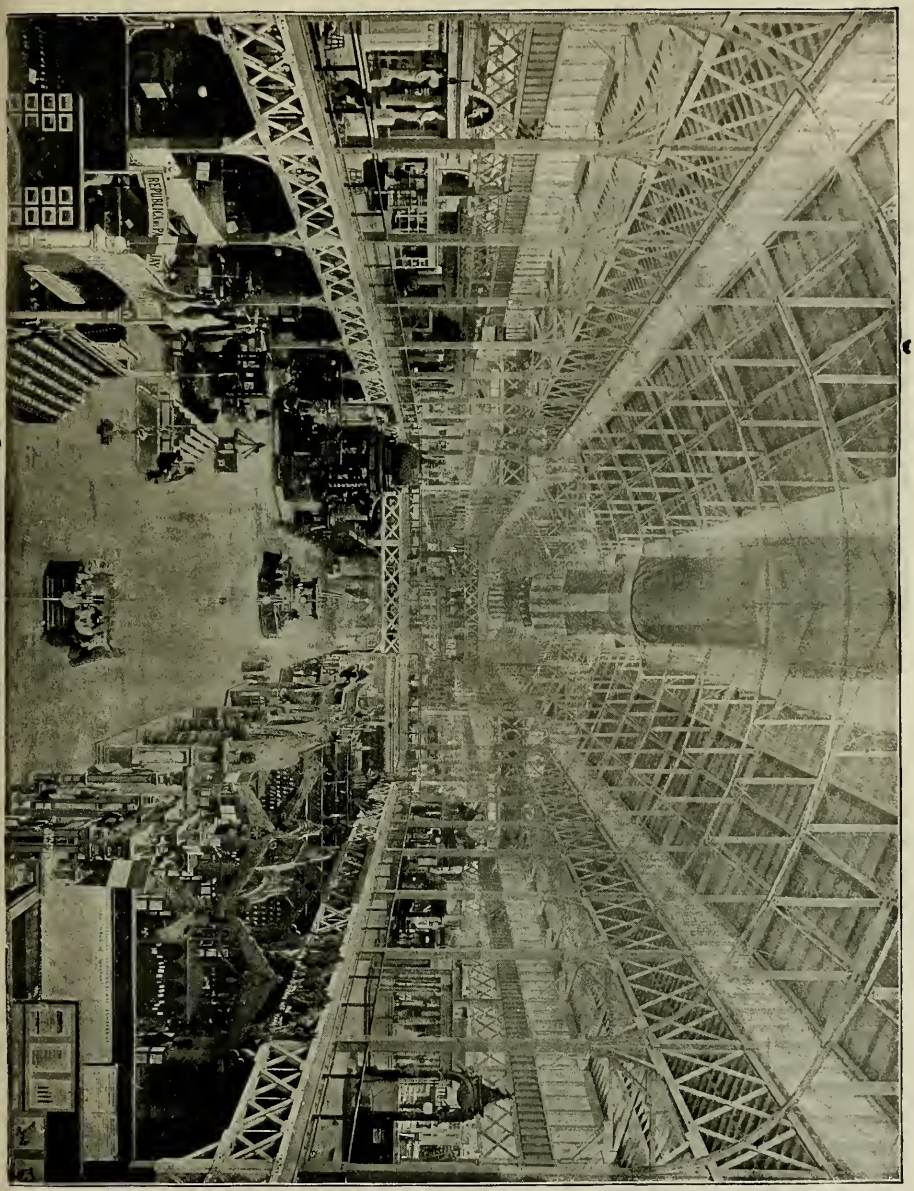
The building is longest from east to west, its main entrance facing the central lagoon on the right, and its length stretching from one end of the grand court to the other. The entrance is an opening sixty-four feet wide with lofty Corinthian columns fifty feet high and five feet in diameter on either side.

Over the entrance, upon the towers of the pavilions and along the entire length of the outside cornice, are groups of beautiful statuary, representing the mythical gods and goddesses of agriculture, the seasons, signs of the Zodiac, "Abundance," "Fertility," etc., and above the central dome is the statue of Diana, the work of the noted sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens, of New York, and which for a time adorned the tower of Madison Square gardens in New York. The statue is of heroic size being eighteen feet in height. Groups of oxen and horses representing "agriculture," help to make up the grand procession of statues standing out in majestic relief against the sky from the top of the building.

Underneath the cornice a frieze of delicately traced grasses and sheaves of wheat decorate the walls, and with its statuary, pavilions, and beautiful colonnades, make it one, if not the most beautiful of the buildings in the Exposition grounds.

Standing within the entrance beneath the great glass dome that rises one hundred and thirty feet from the floor, one looks around upon a great city of pavilions, of myriad designs, each built with the purpose of doing special credit to the agricultural products of the locality represented and all lending brilliant and charming effect with their fantastic and beautiful designs. Temples and tents, palaces and pagodas, caves and kiosks, and every kind of structure where design might be imagined as obtaining some picturesque or imposing effect, throng the great space of the building, their brilliant decorations and unique forms producing strange and beautiful pictures upon which one gazes with somewhat dazzled eyes.

Of the larger countries America takes precedence in her agricultural



Interior of Agricultural Hall.

display, each of the separate States and Territories having vied with each other in doing honor to the occasion. Illinois, who has aimed and in many cases succeeded in outdoing her sister States in the matter of display, has a splendid palace with walls, partitions, arches, etc., constructed entirely of grains, the different kinds of shelled corn being used with artistic effect in the body of the whole, and the sheaves of wheat and barley, together with different kinds of grasses helping to make up a handsome decoration. Inside are great glass jars made in unique designs, and filled with native cereals, showing the various agricultural products of the State.

Rivaling the Illinois palace pavilion

are the Kansas and Pennsylvania structures, each solid and substantial-looking enough to be imagined the palatial residence of a president or king, with beautiful arched entrances, deeply recessed windows, and permanent looking partitions, all decorated and made up of corn and other shelled grains, and with interiors artistically ornamented with glass jars in the shape of vases, pyramids, urns, etc., filled with the native products of the State. Canada must also be mentioned with these royal pavilions —her structure and interior display being among the most magnificent in the building.

Group in the Agricultural Building.

Iowa has perhaps the most graceful pavilion in the building—a wide circular colonnade with slender Greek columns made of shelled corn, and arches decorated with wheat and other grains in natural clusters and sheaves, the interior filled like the others with cereals held in jars of unique design. Walking down the aisle a short space away we come upon Ohio's pavilion, a Greek temple with a classic cone roof resting upon seventy-five glass Ionic columns filled with native grains and cereals, and further along and upon all sides show the unique and beautiful structures built by the various States to advertise their resources, and which we fear it would require too much space to describe in detail.

France, with her stately pavilion conspicuous with pyramids and towers constructed of chocolate and other native manufactures; Germany with a conspicuous display of cereals and native mineral waters in huge glass tanks and jars; Spain with the products of the country proper and her provinces arrayed in a succession of princely pavilions reaching nearly from one end of the building to the other; Liberia, the West Indies, Paraguay, Hungary, British Guiana and Brazil, with their native tropical growths exhibited side by side with the products of Russia, Norway and countries of the colder zones, all contribute to make the place an interesting region, providing as it does, an opportunity for the study of the products of every clime upon the globe, from the equator to the known regions of the poles.

Besides the cereal and other agricultural exhibits shown in the building, are also several other important exhibits connected with the department, among them being the display of farming or agricultural machines and implements—the newest devices in reapers, mowers, threshing-machines, etc., being shown and the display of various systems and methods of irrigation, each of which is a study of special interest and importance to the farmer.

A bureau of information connected

with the building furnishes knowledge upon every subject of importance connected with the department, and the inquirer may acquaint himself with the latest and most successful methods of agriculture, and with the result of the researches made by the various colleges and institutions whose labors have been devoted to the highest development of the important science.

If to the general visitor the building furnishes material for interesting and fascinating study, what must it be to the farmer with its accumulation of varied agricultural exhibits, its ingenious mechanical inventions, and its store of practical and scientific knowledge one can easily imagine, since it easily provides within the space of its walls, and the limit of a few weeks' time, information, experience and knowledge, which it might take years of application and study to obtain in any other way.

Opposite the Agricultural Building on the west and across the canal which runs from north to south through the Fair Grounds, intersecting the central lagoon at the head of the Court of Honor stands a building which is second in importance to none of the princely structures surrounding the Administration Building. It is the building known as Machinery Hall — a structure which with its main hall, machinery, annex, power house, pumping house and machine shop covers in all about thirty acres, a greater area than is occupied by many thriving towns.

Entering the main hall of the building one is deafened by the whirr and buzz of countless pieces of machinery, busy with the process of turning out their myriad articles of manufacture, looms of every variety, producing silk, cotton, and woolen fabrics, wood carving machines, turning out statuettes in artistic and difficult grouping, and beautiful traceries of intricate design—a labor once thought to be capable only of being done by hand, a single group occupying months which is now completed in a few minutes time.

In one department a machine for measuring and weighing coffee shows the brown grains run through the hopper, slide into one pound paper bags, and seals them at so rapid a rate that it is estimated that several tons of coffee can be manipulated per day.

Another machine for the manufacture of labels, tags, etc., takes the paper from the roll, cuts the tags, prints the labels, punches the eyelets, and inserts the wire for the fastenings. Another converts a broad bar of steel into a thin net work which takes the place of lath now in constructing buildings. Stopping in front of the various booths, with their looms, machines and skilled hands at work, we see banners and badges of silk with pictures of the World's Fair buildings woven in the texture, strips of silver pressed and cut from heated masses, and moulded into dainty thimbles; papers printed and pictures painted in lithograph, and a hundred other difficult and

Group in the Agricultural Building.

clever things, done by the huge iron engines all working with a seeming intelligence and perfect method that have something superhuman in the suggestion.

The force which converts these inert masses of iron into intelligent factors ministering to the ease and convenience of mankind is supplied by the huge system of engines and dynamos located in the power house which forms a part of the building. There are over forty steam engines, with an estimated total of from eighteen to twenty thousand horse power. These operate one hundred and twenty-seven dynamos, which in turn produce electric light and power for all the other Exposition buildings. It is said that for the power in Machinery Hall alone there are twelve engines representing a total of about three thousand horse power—a force which proclaims in itself something of the immense activity and marvellous achievement which makes up the scene witnessed daily in the great main hall of the building.

As the Agricultural is the farmer's, so is Machinery Hall the manufacturer's and mechanic's typical paradise — for every wonder of invention and industry is represented in perfect detail and method within its walls.

Josephine Spencer.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearls,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold
Shakespeare.

THE wedding bells were ringing merrily. The lads and lasses of the little village of La Brede, in the province of Guienne, Western France, had assembled on the village green in front of the church, to participate in the festivities attendant upon the wedding of Claude Duruy. Five years before this time, or, to be more exact, on June 8th, 1764, Duruy had come into the village, a young man just turned twenty-one. He had taken charge of the village school, and occupied himself, in addition to his pedagogical labors, in the duties of pastor of the little church. He was a man of steady habits and thrifty disposition, and had been able from the somewhat meager proceeds of his calling, to provide himself with a snug little competency in the five years of his residence in La Brede. His work in the school room and in the pulpit had been performed to the fullest satisfaction of all the people of the village, and he had endeared himself to the poorer classes by his heart-felt philanthropy, manifested not only in the bestowal of his goods upon the poor, but also in offering them comfort and consolation in his frequent visits to their hovels.

His courtship had been as unromantic as often falls to the lot of a man, and the girl of his choice was matter-of-fact and prosaic, practical in her thoughts and their execution, constant and devoted in her love for him, and fitted by these qualities and by her industry and thrift to assist him in making himself independent in finance; nor was she at all careless in the matter of alleviating the suffering then too common among the lower classes of the villagers.

And now, on the eighth of June, 1769, he was leading to the altar this young lady, Mlle. Jeanne Vosier. The day was balmy. The birds were singing in the salubrious atmosphere, and the trees and vines seemed to

wave a welcome to the young lovers as they came arm in arm toward the church, where an aged man, the pastor of a neighboring village, was to perform the important ceremony. As has been said, the villagers were out in force. Claude Duruy had always been popular among them. Young and old had treated him with a respect which was not by any means marred by its cordiality. He had mingled with the boys in their sports, and with the old men in their serious conversations, and had impressed all with a sense of his buoyancy of disposition, and the depth of his research and reasoning. There was no wonder that this important day was made a gala occasion.

"Here they come!" shouted one of the group, as the happy pair approached. "Long live Claude Duruy and his bride!" shouted another, and the cry was taken up and echoed through the crowd, "Long live Claude Duruy and La belle Jeanne!"

The pair acknowledged the hearty salute with a graceful bow, and entered the church amid the shouts and acclamations of the genial peasants.

While the short and simple ceremony was in progress, a stranger approached the group and stood a short distance away, contemplating the scene with interest. It was so picturesque as to deserve a close scrutiny. The vari-colored dresses of the maids and matrons, fluttering with ribbons; the attractive costumes of the men; the kaleidoscopic effect produced as the wearers of the colors flitted about, indulging in converse; the lively and gay tones of the voices, borne to the listener's ears by the light breeze from the sea, were all calculated to impress the spectator with a sense of utter beauty and harmony.

Presently the man approached the group and inquired the cause of the rejoicing. Receiving his answer, he carelessly inquired concerning the character of the man over whose marriage so much jollity was engaged in. An old man answered him: "Claude Duruy is a man of noble character. There are none among us who have not received assistance from him. When the hand of oppression has weighed us down, he has ever been ready to comfort and console us, to resist the encroachment of tyranny, and to speak for the equal rights of the noble and the peasant."

"A paragon of men! A friend of Jacques Bonhomme!" said the stranger, laughing superciliously.

"A paragon of men because a friend of Jacques Bonhomme!" exclaimed a bright young man. "Such paragons are few indeed in this nation. How many are there in your station who consider Jacques Bonhomme, as you contemptuously call the peasant, as much a man as the noble, or even as the king himself? Are you crying out against the crimes of Louis XV., who is staining the royal robes with the grossest possible debaucheries? Who in the face of opposition and threats, will stand before king, noble, and clergy, and claim for the *tiers etat* the rights enjoyed by the other orders? Such men are rare, and Claude Duruy is one of them. All that I am and have I owe to him. He has educated me; he has trained me to habits of diligence and frugality; he has placed before me an example of integrity and self-sacrifice for the good of others."

"I cannot understand your feelings or comprehend your ideas," answered the other. "You peasants are of use only as you contribute to the pleasure and benefit of the higher classes. Your wine, your fruits, your grain, your vegetables, the products of your labor in all lines, are to be used merely for our comfort. Your existence is as necessary as that of our animals, but not more important."

"Have we not souls as you have?" haughtily cried the peasant. "Is

there not a God who loves us and respects us as well as you?"

Again the supercilious laugh and elevation of the eyebrows. "As to your first question I will only say that baseness and servility link you to the animals and remove you far from our level. Try as you will, you can never reach our high plane. You were born only for our convenience. To your second question: If there is a God, He has made Himself manifest only through the king, His representative on earth, and the clergy. His communications to you must come through them, and you should be thankful you are not visited with dire punishments for your complaints against this proper authority."

At this moment a shout announced the appearance of the bridal party at the church door. "Long life and happiness to Claude Duruy and his bride!" cried one in the crowd. The shout was echoed with a will by the others, and the objects of this manifestation of good feeling came from the church, smiling and bowing in response to the salutations of their friends.

Duruy was a man of striking appearance. He was of middle height with a slight inclination to stoop forward in walking. His face wore a thoughtful expression, inclined almost to sadness. One could well perceive, upon seeing him even in the realization of newly found and exquisite happiness, that he felt deeply the wrongs of his humble countrymen, and sympathized with the poorer classes in their troubles. His brow bore the scholar's cast, but the severity usually accompanying the expression of an intellectual face was softened and the countenance beautified by kindly eyes and a sensitive mouth.

His bride was rather short in stature, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Her face bore a gracious expression, and betrayed a light heart and a lack of appreciation of the seriousness of the condition of the French people of her own station. She seemed so supremely happy in her marriage with the man of her choice, that all else was forgotten in the joy of the present.

"Long life and happiness to Claude Duruy and his bride!" shouted the crowd again, and by this time the newly wedded pair had joined their friends and were receiving their hearty congratulations.

"So this is the man who forsakes the party of the nobility, of which he no doubt was a worthy representative, to try to better the condition of these peasants," soliloquized the stranger before referred to. "A noble fellow he appears, but the mark of his servility is upon him in the stooping shoulders and care-worn face. How different his appearance from the care-free, handsome looks of the nobility! *Mon Dieu*! How they idolize him!" This exclamation was caused by a concerted movement of the crowd in forming a circle around the bride and groom, and singing the following song:

"Winter's cheer and autumn's plenty, summer's warmth and vernal green,
Day's warm glow and night's sweet quiet, sun's bright light and cynthia's sheen;
May these ever seem the brighter for the happiness you've won,
May your path be strewn with roses for the deeds of love you've done!

Sing aloud, ye lads and lasses,
Bring the flowers and the grasses
To adorn the bridal bed
Of the pair so happily wed!

Bring the flowers and the grasses, strew the path of bride and groom,
Let the joy of this bright moment guard their way from withering gloom;
May the summer never blight them, may the winter's frost fall light;
May the autumn never fade them, may their vernal days be bright!

As the flowers are pure and holy, may your thoughts and wishes be;
As the moisture of the mountain meets the waters of the sea,
May the sunlight kiss your foreheads and the flowers caress your feet,—
Sunlight with its warmth effulgent, flowers with their fragrance sweet!"

At the close of the second stanza of this simple song, several young people, who had previously separated themselves from the main crowd, returned, bearing mosses, grasses, and flowers,—roses, hyacinths, lillies of the valley. As they approached, the crowd formed two lines, between which the flower bearers approached the bridal pair, and threw the burdens at the feet of bride and groom. This was done during the singing of the last stanza, and formed a singularly beautiful and apt accompaniment to the words.

The bride could no longer hide her joyous emotions. She leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, and tears of joy gushed from her eyes. His eyes were dim with moisture, and a happy smile played on his lips as he placed his arm about her and pressed her to his side. In the supreme joy of the moment, neither spoke, but the silence was deeply expressive of gratitude and happiness.

"Long life and happiness to Claude Duruy and his bride, La belle Jeanne!" was the parting shout of the throng, as the youths and maidens dispersed and went their several ways. The newly wedded pair betook themselves to the home where Duruy had been living for some time, and which he had fitted up for his wife. The church-yard green was soon cleared of all but two, the aristocrat and a young peasant.

CHAPTER II.

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free?

Shakespeare.

As the former turned to depart, he saw the young man looking earnestly at him. Pausing, he signed for the youth to follow him, and together they walked along the road.

"My friend," said the aristocrat, intensifying his air of superiority, "I would have a word with you. I would know the entire history of this man Duruy, before and since his arrival in your village. I wish you to hold nothing from me. Be open, and I may find a way to reward your candor. His name is Claude Duruy, I believe."

"Claude Duruy, Monsieur," returned his companion.

"He is of noble birth, is he not?"

"I know not what you mean by noble birth," answered the other, doggedly. "He was born among the aristocrats, and they call themselves the nobility of France, though they live on the labor of others." This was uttered in a tone of obstinate conviction, and with an air almost of savage hatred.

"You dislike the aristocracy?"

"Almost as I hate Claude Duruy?"

"Almost as you hate him! Yet not so much?"

"No! my hatred for him is equaled by nothing else. As much as I loath and detest those who rob us of our scanty earnings and leave us nothing for our toil, Claude Duruy is beneath even these."

"So, so!" thought the stranger; "These doctrines of democracy are being taught too widely here, and I think through the influence of Duruy. And these animals are capable of hate and a desire for revenge. I would hardly have thought it possible. May I not use this feeling to my advantage? As the king's confidential minister I have full power over the lives and property of these peasant asses, and I will neglect no opportunity for enriching myself at their expense. I will pursue this line farther." Then turning again to the peasant; "Tell me your name, my good fellow."

"Pierre Lemoyne."

"Pierre; a stone. Can you be as firm as a rock in your hatred of Claude Duruy?"

"As enduring as the solid cliff."

"Yet why do you hate him? Has he not trained you, educated you, given you the benefit of his higher —more fortunate birth and superior learning? Has he not taught you to aspire to better things than you are now permitted to enjoy? Has he not taught you the fierce hatred you feel toward the nobility? And why, after deriving all these benefits from him, do you hate him?"

Lemoyne thought for a moment, and then answered: "True, he has taught me these things. Had it not been for him, these thoughts and feelings might never have come to me. I might have remained like the cattle in yonder meadow, thinking only of today, though the shambles await me tomorrow. He has given me thoughts and desires far above what I would otherwise have known. For this I thank him. But he has robbed me of that which is of far more value than all these benefits, and without which they are as nothing."

"In what has he so deeply wronged you?" asked the aristocrat.

"That maiden he has led in triumph to the altar was my playmate. In her girlhood days she knew no other companion. Together we enjoyed our childish sports, and as children will, looked with pleasant anticipations to the future. She said she would live with me in a cottage near the river Gironde, where it empties into the sea. There she would live for me alone, and I for her. We would live in peace, without a thought of our slavery, without a desire to better our condition. Contentment would be ours, for we should know nothing better than we were permitted to enjoy. We should envy not the powerful and the wealthy, for they would be in their proper position and we in ours. We should be like the brute that does his master's bidding, contented, not because our condition was happy, but because we had known no better one. Why should we not be contented? Our ancestors had lived so for centuries, and surely, we thought, we are no better than they. We were willing to surrender ourselves, body and soul, to the king, and yet be happy in our bondage. This was the condition in which Claude Duruy found us.

"He was of the higher class, the nobles, as you call them.

"I do not know why he came here. I think it was his intention to become familiar with the condition of the peasants, and try to ameliorate it. It may have been his design to arouse us to opposition to the cruelties and wrongs suffered at the hands of the higher orders. This, I know—he has implanted within us hopes and aspirations of which we formerly knew nothing. Instead of the old stolid indifference and contentment, the villagers are filled with thoughts of social equality and a sense of injustice. They are suspicious of the actions of their masters. Having been made acquainted with the enjoyments and ease of their oppressors, they have become dissatisfied with their own condition of comparative misery. This has all been accomplished through the efforts of Claude Duruy. Many think they are made happier through the change he has wrought in them, but I feel that in destroying my contentment, and presenting to me no way of bettering my condition, he has increased my misery."

The young man paused thoughtfully for a few moments, and then continued. "I know you think we have no souls. You consider us animals, incapable of the higher emotions. You deem us too dull for ambition, almost too unfeeling for suffering. But we can suffer. We have ambition. When our hopes have been raised to their pinnacle, and then dashed to the ground, be assured we feel the sting as keenly as the king on his throne, or the noble in his castle."

"Did Claude Duruy teach you this also?" asked the other, in order

to keep up the conversation, which Lemoyne seemed not anxious to continue.

The hands of the peasant were tightly clenched for a time, and an angry scowl crossed his face. With an effort he mastered his passion and replied, "Yes, by a demonstration which will never be forgotten." He cried aloud in his anguish, "O Jeanne, Jeanne, the pride of the village and of my heart! How devoted a slave was I to you, and how blind to the truth! I would have taught you to love the ways of a peasant husband and a life of contented toil. But he—"again the menacing look of passion, mastered with greater difficulty—"He stole you from me, and left my life a blank!"

The other was not slow to follow up his advantage. "Would you be revenged upon him for the wrong?" he asked in a low tone, glancing warily around.

"Would I eat when I am hungry, drink when I thirst, rest when I am weary?"

"Then listen to me. My name is one that has stricken terror to the hearts of hundreds in your station. Mothers hush their unruly children by uttering it. The mere mention of it has done more to strengthen the king's authority than the issuance of royal edicts. He who even imagines rebellion trembles when he hears it. I am Paul Levon."

A very perceptible start on the part of the other followed the mention of the name, and this action was not lost upon the speaker.

'I see you have heard of me. Now we can understand each other better. I think you will permit me to talk to you with a degree of confidence which you will find it to your interest not to betray. Do we understand each other?"

Lemoyne nodded.

Levon continued. "You know as well as I do that such men as Duruy are a menace to the authority of the king. They would break down established customs and usages, level all ranks, form the government without kings and nobles, and place the power in the hands of the ignorant people. It is therefore to my interest to destroy them."

"I understand your position," said Lemoyne.

"Then if I, who never saw Duruy until today, can desire his destruction, how much more should you, who have suffered so grievously from him?"

For the first time Lemoyne understood the plan of Levon, in which he was expected to take part. "I comprehend your design," he said scornfully, "but do not think for a moment that I will consent to act in a plot which will give me satisfaction at the destruction of one in whose fall I must share. I am not ready, like Samson, even in my despair, to throw down the house upon myself and perish with my enemy. What would be my gain, though I saw him in the dust, if I were there with him, and such as you looking down in contempt upon us both? No; though my hatred of Claude Duruy is great, my detestation of the ruling classes is such that rather than help to build them up at his expense, I would assist in bettering his condition to increase their chagrin."

"I see you do not understand my design at all," said Levon. "My plan aims not only at his destruction, but at the betterment of your condition. Do you not think that Paul Levon, who has counseled with the king himself, whose plans have been adopted by the wise men of the nation, whose word is worth more than that of hundreds of vaunting nobles—do you not think that he is able to reward one who faithfully serves him? The king has created counts, dukes, barons at my pleasure, and yet the sun of my power is but beginning to appear above the horizon. France shall yet acknowledge my influence as a potent factor in her history. Therefore, consider wisely.

You may not only see him whom you detest humbled in the dust, but you may be raised to a point of fame and fortune which you have not reached in your highest flights of fancy."

"Yet my interests are with the people," returned Lemoyne. "Every blow struck against them falls upon myself, and I see not the gain in losing their confidence for the accomplishment of private revenge."

"Listen," replied Levon, in the same cautious tone. "These fierce questions are the very ones on which I intended speaking to you. Heretofore the king has not acted in these matters. All the trouble brought upon you, which you feel to attribute to him, has been the work of others. He has done nothing. He has merely given the royal permission for others to do the work. When papers, authorizing arrests, imprisonments, executions, forfeitures, have been brought to him, he has signed without reading them. He has not taken enough interest in this work to assist in it, except in removing obstacles from our way. This *has been* the case. How is it now? The utterances of such men as Duruy, treasonable, revolutionary, tending toward the demand for equal rights for all classes, have not failed to reach the royal ear, even in the midst of his pleasures. He listened to them, first with incredulity, then with alarm and anger. He now sees that the time for action on his part has come. What he has before permitted to be done, he will now do himself, and if I am familiar with the character of Louis XV. the work will not lose any of its harshness by being entrusted to his hands. He has emissaries around him who are ready, willing, nay, anxious, to do his bidding. They have done much under the royal sanction; will they not do more under command? Be assured, that where one heart bled before, hundreds now shall be trampled in the dust. Where one life has gone out in public, with the full knowledge of friends of the victim, hundreds will be taken with no one as witness but the mute performer of the royal will. What is your answer now?"

"If I take part for the king and against the people, how may I be protected against their fury when they attempt to avenge their wrongs upon my head?"

"They need never know that you are following this course. Let it be done in secret; therein will consist your safety."

Perceiving that his listener was almost persuaded, Levon saw that his last argument could be used to advantage. "I am working among the wealthy. The property of him who is declared guilty of treasonable utterances against the king, and executed or banished, falls to the one who proves the treason against him. I have gained much wealth by this means. You will work among the poor, but your opportunities for securing evidence will be much more frequent than mine, and your rewards will surely reach my aggregate. What do you say now?"

"I am yours!" shouted Lemoyne ecstatically; "I am yours against Claude Duruy!"

"And for yourself," interrupted Levon with a smile.

"Yes, for myself," answered Lemoyne.

"Then your oath." The two grasped hands. "You swear that you will use every effort to destroy sedition among the people of France and punish those who speak against the king. That your truest friend or nearest relative shall be treated as your enemy if guilty of treasonable thoughts. That your whole power shall be used in the service of your king and the nobility. That neither age nor sex shall influence you in the performance of your duty. And if you break this oath you invite upon yourself all the calamities you have brought upon others. You swear this?"

"I swear it," replied Lemoyne.

"Now remember this. When you see me in public, make no sign that you know me. I will see you often in private, and give you necessary instructions. Listen to the words of all. Let no treasonable utterances escape you. Give me the names of those who speak disrespectfully of the king or the nobility, with a report of the words used. This is all that you need do. Convictions must follow your testimony in every case but that of Claude Duruy. He must be reserved for a fate of which you know nothing. Let him be brought up on a specific charge of violence. His offence must be great, for his punishment will be heavy. Remember my instructions. Be wise and secret. Farewell!"

The two clasped hands and separated. *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

A LUCKY RESEMBLANCE.

On a certain occasion Lord Kingsdale was overtaken by a sudden rainstorm in the city of London which caused him to hasten to a cab for the purpose of riding home. The driver seeing him approach, jumped from his seat to open the door of the vehicle, but was greeted by the shout of his expected patron, "At last I have found you! What is your name?"

"Bill Tomkins."

"Necessity compels you to do this unpleasant labor?"

"Yes, sir, I have a large family to support."

"Ahem, and if I were to give you sufficient to enable you to live comfortably with your family, would you abandon this labor?"

"O, my lord is fooling with me."

"Not at all. How much would you need yearly?"

The coachman's face extended into a broad grin but he did not reply.

"Come—speak out! Would two hundred pounds every year be sufficient?"

"That is scarcely enough for one who does nothing but idle away his time," replied the driver, "for I do not understand any other business."

"Well, then, four hundred pounds?"

"Yes, with that amount I can get along."

Lord Kingsdale entered the cab drew from his pocket a piece of paper and addressed a note to his banker:

"Invest for the bearer a sufficient sum in stocks to bring an annual income of £400. For this sum he binds himself to dress nicely, to no longer drive a cab and to really appear at all times as a gentleman.

"*Lord Kingsdale.*"

This paper was handed to the astonished coachman as Lord Kingsdale descended from the vehicle on reaching his destination.

Bill Tompkins read the note and doubtfully examined it from both sides, put it in his pocket only to draw it out again for further examination. Unbelieving as he was he decided to search for the banking house to which it was addressed, and immediately proceeded to the place.

He was astonished beyond measure when the banker accepted without question the note he presented, and told him to call the next day and receive his first installment of money, and to sign the agreement concerning his future conduct.

The next day Bill Tompkins was on time at the appointed place where he attached his autograph to the paper which had been prepared, and received in return his first year's payment of £400. He then hastened

to the hotel where his benefactor lived to express to him his unbounded thanks for the unexpected kindness.

Lord Kingsdale was sitting at the dinner table with a friend when the former coachman entered. He did not even permit the latter to speak, but rejecting the thanks which he knew were about to be expressed, said, "Very good, very good, my dear fellow!"

Happy Bill Tompkins therefore withdrew with humble bows, and every expression of gratitude on his countenance.

After his withdrawal Lord Kingsdale turned to his table companion and said: "That fellow's face has decreased my yearly income to the extent of £400."

"You are joking?"

"Not by any means; it is true."

"Then how?"

"Because I cannot longer be compromised by his business. I have looked for him for a long time, for he resembles my runaway brother so much that I have often heard it remarked that I have forced my younger brother to the necessity of driving a cab for a living. Now people will at least believe I treat my own brother with kindness."

B. F. A.

STRICT SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

THE strictest observance of the Sabbath day was in early times required in Scotland. In their extraordinary zeal the Scotch sectarians went so far as to require also certain observances on Saturday and Monday. It was then considered a sin to hold a fair on Saturday or Monday, because both days were too near to Sunday to be suitable for such employment. It was a sin to go on Sunday from one city or village to another, no matter how important such action might seem to be. It was also sinful to visit a friend on Sunday; to turn water into the garden; to cut the beard or shave; and even to sit by the door and enjoy the pleasant weather was wrong.

A woman in Edinburgh, Margaret Brotherstone, poured some water, on Sunday, on her cabbage in the garden and, being observed, was summoned before the authorities. It being shown that she was guilty of watering her cabbage on the Sabbath day, she was required, as evidence of her repentance, to acknowledge her sin and seek forgiveness in the meeting of the following Sunday. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century many priests were accused of committing sin in that they shaved themselves on the Lord's day.

C. A.

ALL IS RIGHT.

IF we knew that death would finish,
  End the strife, annul the pain;
If from out this earthly struggle
  Comes no thought of future gain,
Would we waste the day in wishing,
  And upon our sorrows brood?
Would there be within the vanguard
  Leaders that are true and good?

If beyond this vale there lieth
  Nothing but the earthly tomb;
If within the darkened future
  We will sink to endless gloom,
Would we care to form those friendships
  Which now make our life so dear?
Would these few short years repay us,
  If all love-ties ended here?

If beyond this day's rough journey
  We shall meet our loved no more;
If with those our souls have cherished,
  We shall mingle never more,
Would our life be worth the living,
  If beyond life's little span,
There was not such perfect rhythm
  In love's every little plan?

Let us, then, take up life's burden,
  Taking bitter with the sweet;
In the end we shall discover
  Nature's plans are all complete;
And our souls from out the shadow
  Shall emerge in perfect light,
To find there is a God above us,
  And that He doeth all things right.

ANCIENT ARIZONA AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

I.

Arizona and New Mexico furnish a field for exploration more attractive to the ethnologist and antiquarian than any other section of the United States. This is not only true of its unique and queer civilization, but also of the remains and ruins of a people who have long since ceased to animate the mouldering walls which stand as monuments of a lost and forgotten past.

Several distinct tribes or peoples known as the Pueblos, whose languages have nothing in common, still dwell in the circumscribed valleys or amid the almost inaccessible rocks of northern Arizona and New Mexico. Their ancestry have lived where they now dwell, or in the crumbling ruins of villages hard by, far longer than most, if not all of them, have any trace of. Their traditions, except the Zuni, are totally barren of any rational origin of their race, abounding only in the legendary and supernatural.

Three and a half centuries ago the Spanish marauders who subdued Old Mexico were allured to this section by fabulous stories of gold, which was reported to be so common that it was used for household purposes. They were then mysteriously designated as the "Seven cities of Sibolo." These were doubtless the center of their little empire which at that time comprised seventy fair sized towns and contained a population of some hundred thousand souls. They occupied what is now northeastern Arizona, northwestern

Ollas, used for Burial.

New Mexico and southeastern Colorado. But the many stories of enormous wealth proved to be fabrications. The inhabitants were then, as now, a poor but sensible, intelligent and industrious people, and were not given to drunkenness or cruelty. Indeed they possessed many of the traits and characteristics of the Nephites. They never ate human flesh or made human sacrifices. They cultivated the soil and their diet was almost wholly vegetable, such as maize, beans, pumpkins and the mesquite bean, a wild tree fruit resembling our cultivated bean. It is still common in Arizona. This fact indicates that they were not given to the chase, as they are not now, and affords a striking contrast to the habits of the race surrounding them. They also cultivated cotton and wove it into fabric. The inhabitants of one large town presented the Spaniards upon one occasion with 40,000 mantles made of that material. But they cared little for the precious metals. The Spaniards were disappointed in not finding gold and silver among them. They knew, however, where rich mines were located and directed their conquerors to them.

Such pursuits and traits, so far as the records enlighten us, did not exist among the Lamanites at any time in their history save when under the reformatory influence of the gospel.

Their architecture may, however, be supposed to have greatly modified or altogether changed, through the long period in which they were forced to dwell in a constant state of defense. The village of Acoma (a pueblo still inhabited) was described at the time of the conquest as being, "a place of six thousand inhabitants and situated on a rock one hundred and fifty feet high, having no entrance but by stairs hewn in the rock." Many of their pueblos (or villages) were, and some are still, planted on elevations almost inaccessible and reached only by steps cut in the solid rock or by artificial grades, while some are situated in the more open valleys. Often a town is but a single block of buildings, sometimes elliptical and sometimes square, the building being from two to seven stories high, each story in the ascent made smaller than the one upon which it stands, forming a succession of terraces. All the doors and windows are on the inside opening toward the court. Access is had to the different stories by means of ladders which may be drawn up after entering, to cut off pursuit. The outside walls are thick and solid and have no openings. The Pueblos take pride in the solidity of their masonry, claiming that as fortifications they have ever proven impregnable. Says an ancient writer: "To wall out black barbarism and be let alone was what the Pueblos wanted." Also their places of worship and amusement give evidence of their ceaseless vigilance which was not only the price of liberty with them but life itself. They were built almost entirely under ground, the roofs being nearly on a level with the surface.

These fortress dwellings, castles of the feudal age and citadels of defense point to the extreme precaution, unparalleled in history, save by their own early ancestors, under which they have lived through centuries to guard precious lives against a brutal and bloody foe, whose burning hatred the ages could not extinguish. They also attest the fact that all traces of the architecture of their fathers, an evidence usually of great value in tracing the prehistoric course of a lost race, has been utterly obliterated. And it seems to us a vain speculation to attempt, as some writers have done, to trace them into Mexico or Central America by their architecture.

There is but little change between the Pueblos of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. They are now fewer in number, but have added somewhat to their domestic pursuits.

They have droves of horses, mules, donkeys, cattle, sheep and goats, also large numbers of chickens, turkeys and dogs about their houses. They make both woolen and cotton fabrics and are good weavers. Their pottery is fairly good, and elaborately decorated though not artistic, and of a form and use in striking resemblance to those found in the ruins of the extinct civilization of Arizona, and the ancient Mound-Builders of the East, evidencing probably a common origin. The Spanish conquest, and the influence of European ceramic art, introduced by the Franciscan monks and priests, undoubtedly modified the forms and decoration of the Pueblo pottery; and it has undergone still another evolution by contact with America's modern utilitarian arts. But aside from these influences, and in the farce of them, the general similarity of the ceramic attainments of the Zuni and the relics found in the ruins of Southern Arizona are striking.

The Pueblo Indians were once unquestionably disposed to a better and higher life, but dwelling in the midst and largely at the mercy of vast hordes of wandering savages, it has been with them a ceaseless struggle for existence. The Lamanites, true to the early marauding spirit with which their fathers were impregnated, have preyed upon these people, whoever they are, who loved peace and

EFFIGY VESSELS.

the better ways of domestic life, for hundreds of years as they did upon the Nephites of old. Their long and sorrowful career must have been a down grade under the circumstances. Driven into almost inaccessible retreats, forced to cramp their civilization into the most confined limits and subjected to the heaviest deprivations, the hand of industry and skill must have been paralized, and in the passage of a few centuries the higher arts which they may have known, faded from the knowledge of the race.

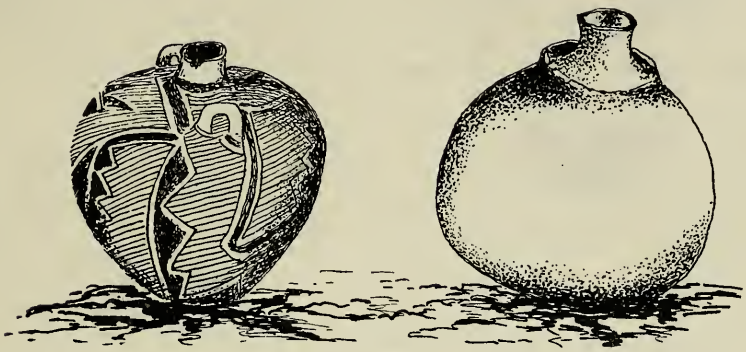
Indeed, does it not appear, from the unconquerable tenacity with which they have clung to the ways of settled life and domestic husbandry, in the face of an untiring foe to civilization, from the way they have avoided the habits of the barbarous tribes and resisted the nomadic spirit that surged about them for ages, refusing in the least degree to assimilate, and above all the way in which, even under these conditions, they have sought to avoid the shedding of blood, I say does it not appear probable that they may have Nephite blood in their veins? To suppose it possible for them to have advanced from a more barbarous condition to their present state is to ignore the indisputable fact that no race of men ever moved towards a higher life without laying the broad foundation of their progress in the cultivation of the soil, to which end political tranquility is indispensable. And where these people have existed, I will not say lived, for hundreds of years, the soil has been so scanty that they have probably never been able to feed a population of more than a hundred thousand souls, and have never felt the progressive impulse of a guaranteed peace.

They have never, so far as we can learn, affiliated with the Red Man, and they themselves deny ever having been associated in any way with him. From time "beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the Red Man has been the thorn in their flesh as he was of the ancient Nephites. Their color, too, is lighter than that of the American Indian. The complexion of the Zuni woman is fully as light as that of the Chinese, while the man is but a shade darker. An important fact also is that their religion is esoteric, and is governed by various orders of the priesthood.

If then, the Zuni people are not Indian, or of Lamanite extraction, but of a higher and more civilized type of the race, there is but one other people which it is possible for them to be. True, several shiploads of Welsh, under Prince Madoc, colonized on the Atlantic coast in the latter part of the twelfth century, whose fate was entirely lost to the European world. But they were not equal to the conflict against barbarism, and fell to the dead level of their surroundings.

They were successfully traced by the Rev. Morgan Jones and others to the Doeg Indians of Virginia, near the close of the seventeenth century. Those Indians after five hundred years still spoke passable Welsh, and were then preached to in that language. Also I make the first reference in print to a tribe of Indians using a mutilated Welsh dialect, that now live in Arizona. They were visited eight years ago by a Welsh miner, who reported that he suddenly came upon some small peach trees in a little valley of the Colorado, and thereby knew that he was near a tribe of Indians, and passing further up the valley soon found them. Upon speaking he was astonished to find that they understood some of his Welsh words, and after further investigation, found that several hundred words in their language were the purest Welsh. This statement will doubtless be verified in the future. Those who heard the story declare that he could not, from the manner of its telling, and his utter loss to explain it, have known anything of Prince Madoc's Welsh settlement.

Again, the traditions of the Zuni reach back fully eight hundred years, and show that they came to their present location that long ago, which would be a century before Prince Madoc landed on the Atlantic shore, say nothing of the years it would take for them to have crossed the continent.



WATER VESSELS.

As to how it is possible that these people may be a degenerated and benighted fragment of the Nephite race and still not conflict with the statements of Mormon and Moroni, concerning the utter destruction of their army and people, is a matter that will be duly considered in another place.

The more open country of southern Arizona and New Mexico is covered with the ruins of a former people which bear marks of great antiquity. They consist at present of heaps of earth rising from the level valleys beneath the surface of which may be found adobe walls of most perfect concretion revealing very correct plans of their construction, at least of the ground floors. Further to the north in the more rugged and broken regions of the Colorado, and throughout the region surrounding the Pueblo settlements, are many and extensive ruins of stone structures, while in the almost impenetrable canyons and rocky defiles of the Colorado and its tributaries are the remains of the Cliff Dwellers and the Cave Dwellers, the latter being scattered through a somewhat wider range of country and even into southern Arizona. This entire region, extending from the extreme northern part of Old Mexico, northward through Arizona and New Mexico and some distance in a fragmentary way into Colorado and Utah, has its past enveloped in an almost impenetrable cloud of mystery.

Some writers have sought to disassociate the living Pueblos of this region from those whose deserted and crumbling habitations tell but so faint a story of their origin or fate. It is difficult, however, to find any substantial ground upon which to rest such a conclusion, and the preponderance of opinion is not with it. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has given this prehistoric field much study, and agrees with the general opinion on this point, as does also Mr. F. H. Cushing of the Smithsonian Institute, who has spent many years among the Pueblos, especially with the Zuni, and whose extensive researches and study in this particular field must entitle his opinions to considerable weight.

It is an easy and natural transition from the adobe ruins in the southern part of this section to the stone ones further north and thence to the living Pueblos. There is much to indicate that the adobe buildings were terraced in the same manner as the stone ones and as the Pueblo build-

ings of today. They were built large, had a court upon one side, and were designed to harbor whole communities of people as is evidenced by the immense number of very small rooms they appear to have contained; a custom undoubtedly enforced upon the entire race through the perpetual menace of their foe. The buildings located out in the wide valleys of the open country were made of adobe and bound together with a very superior cement which is still found to be exceedingly hard. Here the adobe material was doubtless used because most readily obtained and when afterwards driven north into the rocky gorges of the Colorado basin, they of course used rock instead. As one travels northward up the valley of the Rio Verde he crosses a line at which either and both of the two materials were used in constructing their buildings, according to the convenience afforded in the immediate locality.

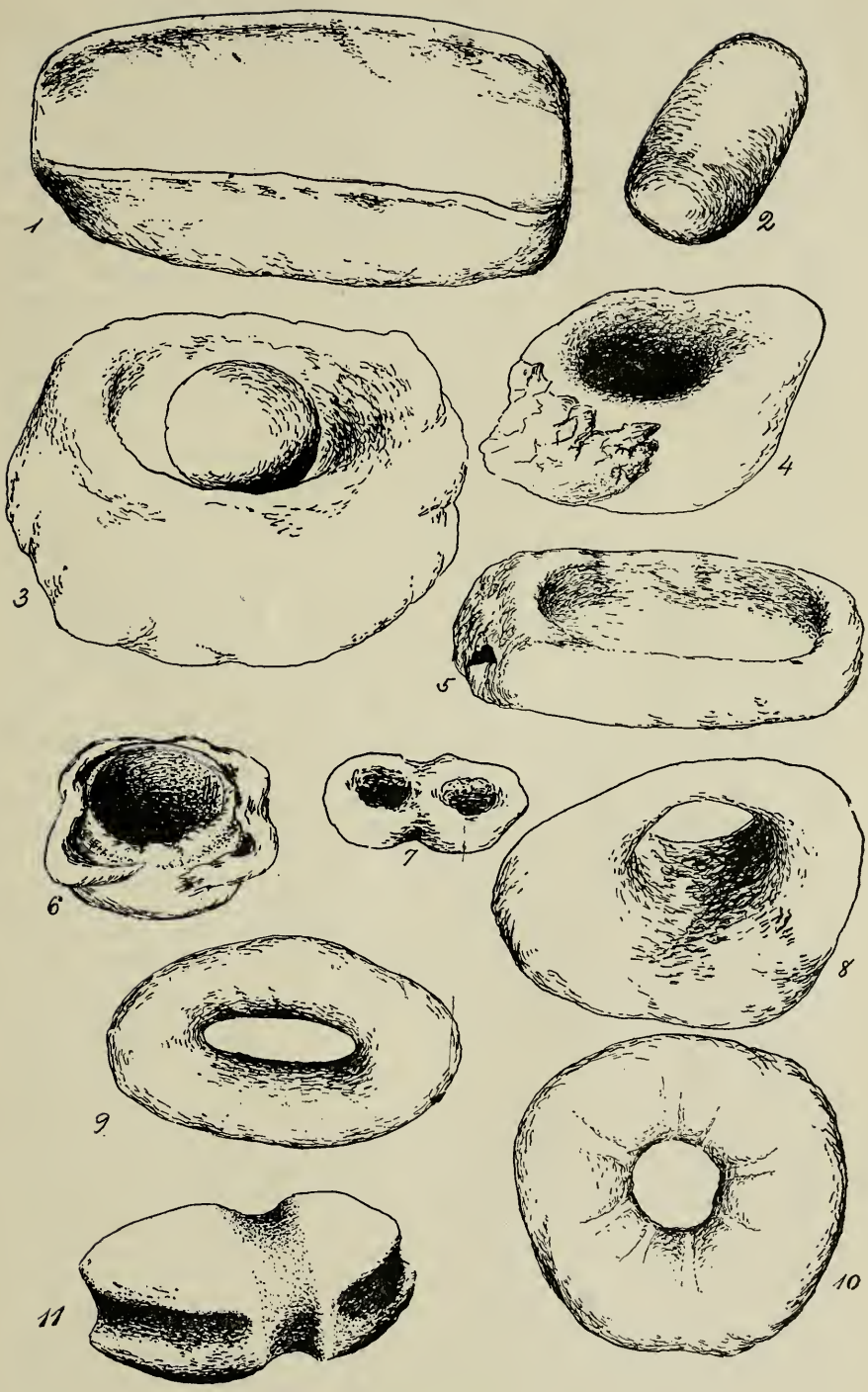
Says Mr. R. J. Hinton, the author of a work on Arizona, "After leaving the Salt River and traveling

Wickerwork Pottery.

north, there is a change in the character of the materials used. Stone rather than concrete and adobe, is found in walls, and there is a decided tendency to utilizing the cliffs and other inaccessible (to an assailant) positions. This would indicate quite clearly that the inhabitants were in peril and under stress of defense." He also says: "The Casa Grande, as well as the ruins of Rio Verde, Caco, Canon Chelly, and other points show the same rectangular form, and are all located true to the points of the compass, as in the case of the Colorado ruins, models of which are now in Washington, and were exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition."

In the adobe regions are found many, and in the stone some, large enclosures surrounding the largest buildings which were at one time of high, thick walls, generally square but sometimes circular. The present country of these Pueblos, it may be said, lies upon the northeastern border of these desolate stone ruins and some of their traditions acknowledge that their ancestors occupied certain ones of them (doubtless those abandoned at the time of and since the Spanish conquest, for now there are but about a dozen pueblos in place of the seventy then reported), but they deny that their ancestors built or occupied the others, except in the case of the Zuni who claim that the rock and adobe dwellers all came to the country at the same time, and lived there for a period contemporaneously, and were, indeed, of common stock.

The Zuni have many gods, one for almost everything. The god of the whirlwind is represented by a spiral circle cut on the rock. This figure is found in many places in the adobe region of Arizona and New Mexico, as well as in Colorado and Utah. Such a character was also reported to have been found by the Spaniards on the walls of the Casa Grande, three hundred years ago. The Zuni also have an ancient custom of making secret deposits of all sorts of trinkets and household utensils in their caves as sacrifices to their gods. A similar cave containing six hundred pieces has been found at the Twin Butt Mountains, a few miles east of Phœnix. The pieces were shown



Stone Implements.

to some Zuni who declared that they had been stolen out of their country.

But aside from the similarity of architecture and military tactics employed, and the contiguity and geographical evidences that the stone and adobe builders were the same people, the pottery ware, stone implements and utensils found in great abundance at the adobe, and more or less so among the stone ruins, shows that they were the same.

In the adobe regions, broken stone implements and bits of pottery cover the surface of the ground for many miles, extending wherever the ruins of buildings are found, and in some places are so thick that it is impossible to walk without stepping upon them. In excavating the ruins many of these relics have been found whole and perfect, the age of which must be many hundreds of years.

Mr. C. J. Dyer of Phœnix, Arizona, (a city built upon ancient ruins and surrounded by many more) has collected a great variety of them, and his museum, numbering several thousand pieces, is of great value and interest to the antiquarian. They have been taken mainly from the adobe ruins and in a few instances from the occasional cave dwellings of that vicinity. Through the courtesy of Mr. Dyer, I have had access to the collection for the purpose of making sketches, so that the characteristics of the civilization now under consideration may be placed more clearly before the readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR.

The two large Ollas, (pronounced o-ye) which appear in the first illustration, resting on an ornamented Navajo scarf, were used for burial purposes, the body being cremated and its ashes deposited in the olla and buried in the earth. Hundreds of these vessels containing the remains of the dead have been exhumed in Arizona. It was evidently the burial custom of those who dwelt in the adobe ruins, and they are also found in the stone ruins to the north.

The ornate pottery ware of this ancient people reached a fair degree of perfection. The olla in the left of the illustration so exquisitely decorated with what seems to be a purely Egyptian ornamentation is an exceptionally interesting piece of their ceramic art, and leads some to a strong belief in an Egyptian origin of the people. The second illustration represents three effigy vessels resting upon one of the famous Navajo blankets. These pieces all have large openings in the tops, as have all of the effigy vessels found in Arizona, utility being far more strongly indicated than idolatry. There are a few rude stone images in Mr. Dyer's collection, however, which taken in connection with the ceramic effigies, point rather vaguely to idolatry. But if idolatry existed, these two classes of vessels must be traced to two distinct peoples, one idolatrous and one not, and not to a difference in the skill and workmanship of one people; for none of the finer vessels bear evidences of idolatry, and none of the idolatrous work is even well executed. The effigy vessels are of the crudest sort throughout, and the stone images are so inferior that it is questionable whether they were designed to be images, and gives rise to the probability that they may have been intended for toys, since none of them exceed six or eight inches in length.

Vessels such as appear in the third illustration, used for water and other purposes, are very abundant and of extensive variety, both in shape and decoration. Some are far superior in style and finish, and I have selected specimens of the better and poorer classes to show this difference. The symmetry of many pieces is surprisingly accurate considering the fact that the wheel was not used in their manufacture.

The wicker-work or fabric moulded pottery, as shown in the next illustration, is abundant in the Eastern States but rarely found here, and

appears to be very ancient. Mr. Holmes in the Third Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, presents a cut of a vessel found in Pennsylvania almost exactly similar to the one here shown both in shape and configuration. Mr. Dyer has four valuable pieces of this class, two small mugs and a pitcher-shaped vessel seven inches high with handle, besides the jar presented in the cut which is twelve inches high. These vessels were moulded in some coarse wicker-work material, such as nicely cut willow strips, though in the East they are more often found impressed with a fabric of coarse threads or cords. A similar class of pottery was used by the ancient Britons and many other peoples besides those of this continent. We found many fragments at the ruins of Paragoonah, Utah, of incised pottery made in very fair imitation of this moulded pattern belonging to Mr. Dyer, and I believe it is to be found among the Pueblos and throughout all the ruins of which we are writing, while the really moulded specimens are exceedingly scarce. *H. E. Baker.*

THE CULTURE OF MIND LIFE.

MIND FUNCTIONS.

"O my Father . . . .
For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth."

THE saintly poetess of these far western valleys realized distinctly the truth of our spiritual nature—the mind to her was indeed that of a heavenly visitant to an earthly temple; and it was a matter of gladdening joy when for the first time the world so largely listened to our dear Zion's sweetest symphony at Chicago. The whole hymn is as brave as it is sweet—a fearless expression of a priceless truth—it is the gospel in song in relation to the divine *origin*, *nature* and *purpose* of our mind life.

In this paper we shall confine ourselves to the last of these—the "wise and glorious purpose" of our mind life—the daily unfolding and exercise of mind functions for the accomplishment of life's purpose. The purpose is indeed emphatically wise and glorious, and for the attainment thereof our mind endowments are rich and commensurate.

For convenience of treatment it will be better to follow some method or classification of mind attributes, such as may be found in any ordinary text book on psychology. Speaking in the most general terms, we may define our mind life as having three broad sides. The intellectual, the emotional and the volitional—the knowing functions, the feeling functions and the willing functions. For the present we will confine ourselves to the purely intellectual side of our mind life; and here again classification will aid us. All the forms of our mental activity are on the lines of perception, memory, imagination, understanding and intuition.

When first we breathe in this sphere of our earthly life we begin the exercise of the perceptive function, which continuously enlarges its operations in all our subsequent experiences. We naturally start with this mind function we call perception for the reason that it is the first and most continuous one. The nature of it has been an old time puzzle to mental philosophers, but the puzzle after all is not so much in the nature of the thing as the theories of its explanations.

In agreement with mind nature as we have endeavored to explain, perception is simply soul seeing, or mind seeing. John Ruskin says: "The longer I live the more certain I am

that the greatest difference between one man and another is the power to see well." This is really so both literally and metaphorically, for whether we note the difference between persons, either as to bodily sight or mental vision, we find that their power to see well or their want of sight, largely determines the strength or weakness of all the other capacities of their mind life. It is daily on our lips to say—yes! yes! the experience will be good for him or her, as the case may be, it will teach him a good lesson, or she will gain a testimony by such an experience. What is it that we really mean by such expressions? It is nothing more or less surely than that our young friend will be brought to an intelligent exercise of some one or more or of all the functions of mind life in relation to some phase of our Father's wise and glorious purpose. In other words, our friend will be led to see well the meaning of life in such and such a position: will perceive clearly the lesson intended under the given circumstance.

We desire, therefore, strongly to emphasize a careful and continuous culture of perception. *To see well* should become a habit in our mind life. The gravest charge ever made against ancient Israel, and repeated by Christ against the Jews of His day, was that they had eyes but saw not, ears but heard not, hearts but conceived not. The patriarch Job observed with regret the general insensibility of his time to the wondrous phenomena of the providence of God. "Men," says he, "*see* not the bright light which is in the clouds." That is, they do not observe, they perceive neither the wisdom nor the goodness of the Divine government when called upon to pass beneath some cloud of adverse fortune. It is said in scripture that "there are many kinds of voices in the world and none of them is without signification," but how few comparatively there are who perceive either the music or instruction of these voices. The outlying creation is one great volume of endlessly varied facts, and facts they are of ceaseless interest, but the interest is really felt by those alone who make an effort to perceive their beauties or to listen to the harmonies of their songs.

Longfellow, in his tribute to Agassiz, says,

> "Then nature, the old nurse, took
> The boy upon her knee,
> Saying, 'Here is a story book
> Thy Father hath written for thee!'"

Agassiz we know and cheerfully recognize as one of the greatest scientists of the age; and the secret of his greatness was his power to see well—the accuracy of his observations—the well trained exercise and culture of his *perception*. No scientist from the book of nature ever read more, and few so much, of the story of divine wisdom as he did.

Perception is indeed the very basis and glory of the inductive sciences, and the whole army of scientific workers are just so many observers—they start out with individual facts and rise to unified classification. Thoughtful perception may fitly be called the master builder in the realms of science, and the records of careful observations are the raw material from which there is being built up the one grand temple of knowledge, lofty, beneficent, beautiful and sublime.

In the fields of literature and art perception is an equally essential factor, whether in poetry or painting, the power to see well, must precede the making of the verse or the portrayal of the picture. All our literary men of the first rank, from Homer to Whitman, have every written page lit up by the clearness and vividness of their perceptions. They have manifestly read both nature and events at first hand and have given in their writing the very warmth, life and vividness of their own first glowing PERCEPTS. These are they who live near to the heart of creation, and they listen for and

hear the manifold ministry of nature's songs—they see through the endlessly varied complexities of human life, and oft they catch the meaning and give solutions to the problems of human destiny. So the public speaker, who most effectually shapes and colors contemporary thought and action—is in the language of Emerson, "the orator bred in the woods whose senses have been nurtured by their fair and pleasing changes, year after year, without design or heed, shall not lose their lessons in the roar of cities and the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amid agitation and terror in national councils, these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre as fit symbols for the language of the hour. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, putting the spells of persuasion, the keys of power, into his hands."

As an instance of this early training in the bosom of nature's simplicity and beauty, stands above all others, our Master Christ, "who spake as never man spake," and the power of His speech lay largely in the use He made of the pictures, scenes and parables of rural beauty. In His first charge before the beauty and fragrance of nature, He said—"Consider the lilies of the field"—that is, let your mind so rest upon their beauty, their structure, the sweetness and simplicity of their life—observe their restful contentment of life—"And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Here are great and fruitful principles that lie to our view and for our consideration, if we have eyes to see them—if the vision of our mind life can and will but steadily fix itself not only upon the objective beauty and fruitfulness of nature, but also upon the objective lessons our Father has written here for our instruction.

If therefore, mind life is to be growingly an intelligent life, careful attention must be given to the function of perception; and as exercise is the universal law of culture—the perceptive power, which is really the great feeder of knowledge, must be thoughtfully trained and regularly exercised in the outlying fields of objective realities and in the ceaseless march of transpiring events.

We, with the world, in our time period, are a part of life's great drama; the world's a stage and we are actors in its shifting scenes, but the moral value, and the educative force of the part we play, are dependent upon our realization of the wise and glorious purpose for which we are stationed here: We must be close observers to see clearly life's great meaning, and from early life the *habit* of observation should be formed and even at the cost of repetition, we must again and again urge both the value and the necessity of "seeing well," not only for the taking in of the object lessons of progressive science, but also for the understanding of the object lessons of advancing providence: He who best perceives the daily unfolding of the purposes of Heaven, we justly and rightly call a *Seer.*

This was the glory and beneficent service of our young Prophet Joseph, to whose vision lay open the heavens and the earth—the past, present and the future, to a degree that increasingly astonishes us. Whatever of earthly learning he may have lacked, the whole perceptive force of his soul was highly cultured. Ruskin's dictum finds in him its best illustration—for that which distinguishes the Prophet Joseph from other men more than aught besides was precisely, his power to "*see well.*"

He perceived with even a painful and burdening vividness, the divisions, contentions and unrealities of the world's religions of his day, and found the cause thereof in the apostasy and traditional dogma of

the whole of Christendom. He saw as clearly the revolutionary forces that in a few years would seriously threaten the very life of the American nation, and located the very spot and point from which the war blaze should burst forth. He perceived and prophesied with literal truthfulness the growing and culminating persecutions, exodus, mountain settlement and ultimate triumph of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He perceived in the very highest form of scientific accuracy and of philosophic breadth and completeness of unified thought the eternal principles of eternal life. He was justly and wisely a "*Seer.*"

And again, none more than the Prophet Joseph could ever in his time perceive and discern so well in the fields of those subtler forces of life's mystery, where the powers of darkness insidiously play in and upon human souls. He read the spirits of men as an open book. He sometime before his martyrdom perceived the qualifying capacities of both mind and heart of his successor in the person of Brigham Young, whose great and eventful life fulfilled the wisdom of the prophet's forecast and bore his mantle with dignity, power and practical goodness. And it may be said in simple truthfulness to the broad daylight facts of Utah's present and prospective greatness, that history affords no brighter example of a leader, whose whole soul spent its life's best energy in watching for the *best* in *times*, *places*, *persons and things*. It belongs to the historian to show Utah's indebtedness to President Young, but it is strictly in our province to affirm that under the favor of heaven, the secret of President Young's power and usefulness ; yea, that the entire wisdom and practical goodness of his administration lay in the far-reaching clearness and thoroughness of his perceptions. He must have been emphatically a keen observer of all that passed before his cultured vision.

Also the succeeding "Seers" in this Divine Kingdom have found both wisdom and safety in the thoughtful exercise of this fruitful function of mind life—perception.

We have purposely illustrated our theme by these exalted instances of mind life, for the special encouragment of our young students of the Mutual Improvement Associations, rather than use the space allowed us for a more technical treatment of mind functions, as our aim is practical rather than theoretical. And we confine ourselves in this paper to perception, for the reason that it is so fundamental and enters into every other function of mind life, and yet until very recently the proper culture of perception has been seriously neglected.

Only ten years ago a prominent American scholar and educator, principal of a State normal school, wrote as follows: "The culture of the perceptive powers is largely neglected. The powers of observation are not trained as they should be. In fact, hardly any faculty is more neglected in our systems of education than the faculty of observation. The result of this neglect is that the people of the present day are poor observers. Indeed, we perceive distinctly comparatively few of the facts and phenomena of the natural world around us."

J. Whiteley.

B. Y. Academy, Provo.

He's a slave who would not be
In the right with two or three,
He's a slave who would not choose
Hatred, slander and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth he needs must think.

Lowell.

He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.—*Dryden.*

Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.—*Addison.*

TIMES AND EVENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SINCE we have included within our present research, a scrutiny into the beginnings of things, though not always strictly within the chronology of the middle ages, so we will take the liberty of receding briefly in our present study and glance at the progress of the Church after it was left by its great Head to the management of its earthly affairs by the disciples.

Octavius Augustus had united the whole civilized world under one scepter to a degree anomalous in the history of the world. For once since the days of Adam the nations of the earth were gathered into one. Already the pagan gods were weakened; for, brought face to face by the unity of nations, men's natural sympathy for each other had almost shattered their faith in so multiform a worship. The Jews, subjected to the Romans, were looking for their Messiah to come and break the tyranny of the empire and establish a temporal kingdom. Christ (signifying the Anointed One) made His appearance among men at this time, but the humility of His life and teachings was not what the haughty Jews looked for in the Redeemer. When the resurrected Christ departed into heaven He left no great potentate at the head of His disciples. The few who believed in Him were a spiritual fraternal band to whom He gave, as a parting injunction, the mission to preach the gospel to all nations, for henceforth that precious boon was no longer to be reserved to one particular race. The injunction was obeyed; missionaries went abroad, conspicuous among whom was Paul. The followers of Jesus who remained at home formed a nucleus or brotherhood which they termed a Church, signifying "the house of the Lord." The missionaries were vigorous and successful. Within a few years Christianity had made proselytes among the greater part of the Roman provinces and a church was formed in the imperial city herself—a germ, growing silently beneath the shadow of the palace of the Cæsars, whose tall branches were one day to overshadow that mighty throne.

Many Jews had left their native Judea and established themselves, for purposes of traffic, in various cities of the empire. It was in their synagogues that Paul and his co-missionaries preached the doctrine of a risen Redeemer whose kingdom would be the dominion of the heart, the nurture of good, the subjugation of evil, and not the extinction of the Roman yoke or the establishment of a visible, earthly empire. Generally rejected by his countrymen, the preacher turned to the Gentiles, the pagan idolaters whose divinity was, mayhap, Jupiter, Minerva, or Zeus. Here was soil more virgin and the seed was nurtured to the production of conversion. The Jews, implacable in their hatred of the new innovation, were, in their turn, hated by the people among whom they lived, for their morose unsociability. The Christians were confounded with the Jews, in the minds of the pagans, and thus came in for a share of the persecutions heaped upon that race as well as upon themselves. The Roman law was intolerant of the introduction of any new worship among the citizens of the empire. Its boasted toleration merely extended to permitting each conquered nation to retain its own religion, but proselytism was not allowed. The worship of gods unadopted by the public was unlawful and punishable with death (or otherwise). Jealous of the unity of the Christians, fearful of an empire secretly forming within the empire, the Roman emperors in alarm instituted at times persecutions that became cruel as they advanced. The Christians, breakers of their laws by the introduction of a new religion, by the zealous proselytism, by their monotheism which the pagans

misinterpreted as atheism, and by their isolation from society, drew upon themselves the hatred of their neighbors to such an extent that, as Tertullian said, "If the Tiber has overflowed its banks; or the Nile has not overflowed, if heaven has refused its rain; if the earth has been shaken; if famine or plague has spread its ravages, the cry is immediately raised, 'To the lions with the Christians!'"

The numbers of martyrs have, however, been variously estimated and generally greatly exaggerated. It is a fact, we believe, that the lives destroyed afterward in the persecution of heretics by the church herself, far outnumbered those in the early persecutions by the Romans, and out-vied them likewise in the ingenuity and cruelty of its tortures.

Morality was perhaps at this time at as low an ebb as it has ever been in the history of the world; and this grossness of morals was accompanied by its usual concomitant—extreme norance; liberty was extinguished; the example from the throne was bestial and arrogant; shall we wonder that our early co-believers yielded to a great extent to the influence around them, even while their own higher efforts raised the tone of their contemporaries? Heresies were not long in creeping into the simple creed of the New Testament. Men became anxious to reconcile the new with the old beliefs. The Alexandrian school of the philosophy of Plato became the fashion of the time, and learned Christians studied assiduously to amalgamate its doctrines with their religion. We find these foreign sprigs beginning to spread as early as in the days of the Apostolic Fathers, who were contemporary with the companions of Jesus. Scholarly preachers attempted to ford deep waters—too deep for human comprehension and the mysteries of existence, of God and creation—obscurities unlighted by revelation—became subjects of sharp discussion and mythological belief. Chief of the early heresies which became really formidable was the sect known as Gnostics. Their tenets were deeply imbued with the mysticism of Plato and the doctrines of Zoroaster and multitudes became its converts. Other schisms followed, each one in time becoming divided into schisms within itself. One of the great evils of these innovations was the pagan idea, that all matter is evil and must be subjugated by the soul who would attain to celestial salvation in the end. From this idea sprang that intolerable evil known as asceticism which gained such immense ground after the establishment of the church had been accomplished by the emperors Constantine and Theodosius. The east was filled with a miserable set of human beings of both sexes who dwelt in solitary or wretched huts in the desert, some like the beasts of the field, lying down wherever night overtook them; lazy, dirty, wretched in every sense of the word—except one—the hope of the crown of glory which they were to grasp when this wretched life was over! From this idea of celibacy, penance, the subjugation of the flesh, afterward sprang monasticism (signifying solitude) with all its attendant evils and misery. This was first established by St. Anthony of Egypt in the third century. Image-worship formed another evil, which gradually encroached upon the simple tenets of the gospel. Anxious to make proselytes, the fathers permitted the worship of the images of the Virgin Mary, the Apostles and thousands of the saints and martyrs, in imitation of the worship of ancient idols. It was on this point that a rupture occurred in the ninth century between the Eastern and Western Church, resulting in the establishment of the independence from each other of the Pope of Rome in the west, and the Patriarch of Constantinople in the east.

Indeed the different heresies that

gradually crept into the church as tenets of doctrine became too numerous to be recounted here, and they were as insidious and aggressive as a cancer, preying upon the originally healthy body, and eating away its tissues of life; so that, long before the actual establishment of the church by the Emperor Constantine (313 A. D.) the body of Christ was practically destroyed by the cancer of apostasy and in its place a loathsome, diseased heresy was set up to be worshiped by the ignorant, blind-folded, superstitious multitude.

In the beginning of Christianity, each community or congregation of believers, was a separate, independent church. Thus, for instance, we notice that in the Revelation St. John introduces himself to "the seven churches which are in Asia," to "the churches of Ephesus" and "the church of Sardis." Each church was presided over by a bishop and presbyters, and its affairs were decided by popular vote. The churches were at first confined to cities and towns, and afterward spread to the smaller country villages. By degrees those of a province formed themselves into an association, and met in conventions for the discussion of matters of moment or of common interest. In these conventions the people were represented by the bishops, who soon began to arrogate to themselves undue dignity and authority. They claimed a legal inheritance of authority as having descended to them from the Apostles, and drew an analogy between their high position and the prerogatives of the Hebrew priesthood. Thus the office of bishop, they claimed, was analogous with that of the Jewish high priest, the presbyters corresponded with the priests, and the deacons with the Levites.

Human nature can seldom bear elevation with becoming meekness. Rarely indeed do we find men who have been exalted above their brethren, continuing in humility of spirit and sympathy with their less fortunate fellows. The Christian clergy, destitute of the Holy Spirit, which they had offended by senseless, superstitious heresies, a departure from the simple tenets of the Gospel of Jesus, and the criminal immorality which followed in the wake of asceticism and celibacy, soon became greedy of honor, position, power and gain. Christ was on their lips but not in their hearts, and the punishment that was too often their own just dues were showered liberally on the poor and helpless.

The episcopal office was eagerly sought for its emoluments, and he who presided over the greatest see was, in consequence, the greatest man. Each bishop was originally perfectly independent in his see and all were equal. The associations which were formed in each political province, as above remarked, gradually changed this state of things. When in convention a president was naturally required, and this position was bestowed upon the bishop of the principal town or city of the province, and that city chosen as the seat of holding council. The laws and regulations evolved in these assemblies were called canons (rules). The honored bishop was not slow to demand as a right, that which was at first merely an expression of respect and thus the dignity, title and authority of metropolitan bishop came into being.

There existed five of these organizations known as Ecumenical Councils and a tacit superiority was thus conceded to the bishops of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem. By degrees these (such as survived the Mahommedan conquest) were absorbed into the two former and the awe with which men had been accustomed to regard Rome as the empress of the world and Constantinople her sister queen inspired this reverential precedence. Rome had dictated to the world through a

whole millennium; why should she not continue to do so through the new channel into which the world was directing its footsteps.

"*One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.*" But the spiritual kingdom which Christ had come to establish in the hearts of His people was already divorced, after the second century, from the visible organized church, and ambitious men had found out other inventions.

Unholy rivalry divided the patriarchs, as the superior bishops were called. In time the see of Constantinople separated itself from that of Rome, and, aided by the ignorance and superstition of the people, the adoration traditionally accorded the "eternal city," the pomp and wealth already in her hands and the precarious fortunes of princes who proposed an alliance for mutual aid and protection, she became the mistress of the minds of men as she had formerly been of their political fortunes. Many of the churches raised a voice of remonstrance against her tyrannous oppressions and her heretical doctrines, protesting their rightful independence to govern themselves. It was in vain; their cries were lost as a feeble wail in an overwhelming tempest and for another millennium the scepter of Rome ruled the western world with a power and definiteness that was crushing and astounding.

It is true that the unsettled condition of things in the last days of the Roman empire and its final overthrow presented a plausible pretext for the usurpation of authority by any power that could prove itself fittest by surviving. It was also no slight argument used by the church that as she governed the hearts of men and led them into paths whereby they might regain heaven, it was only right that, as earthly things are typical of heavenly, she should direct their temporal affairs. This would be unquestionable in a true theocracy of Christ, but the Pope of Rome made sad havoc among his helpless subjects as we shall see in a future chapter. Nevertheless, during the barbarian invasions some good was accomplished by this Catholic church. In the tumult and confusion, the darkness, ignorance, superstition and wickedness that followed in the disruption of the empire, and the total lack of law and order, the lay schools had quite disappeared and the monasteries became the asylums of manuscripts, the schools wherein mental culture was rescued from the general ruin and havoc. And though the monks degenerated into self-indulgence and neglect, becoming, indeed, too slothful to study the Scriptures which they affected to teach, many of the valuable works of ancient learning were nevertheless preserved from the general destruction. While, also, the barbarians overwhelmed the empire with their wild, fierce, violent passions, absorbing also the fraud and perfidy and sensuality of the softer south, the church spoke to them the gentle words of the Messiah; of mercy and humanity; of sympathy between man and man. The generous nature of the north was touched and yielded to the gentle plea, and thus was conquered by them whom they had conquered.

D'Aubigne says: "The barbarians, who had invaded the West, and there fixed their abode, after intoxicating themselves with blood and rapine behoved to lower their fierce sword before the intellectual power which they encountered. Altogether new to Christianity, ignorant of the spiritual nature of the church, and requiring in religion a certain external show, they prostrated themselves half savages, half pagans before the High Priest of Rome. With them the West was at his feet—first the Vandals, then the Ostrogoths, a little later the Burgundians, afterwards the Visigoths, lastly the Lombarbs and An-

glo-Saxons, came to do obeisance to the Roman Pontiff. It was the robust shoulders of the sons of the idolatrous North which finished the work of placing a pastor of the banks of the Tiber on the supreme throne of Christendom.''

Ruby Lamont.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

It is often remarked that this is an uncharitable and hard-hearted world, but occasionally there is an incident comes to light which shows that there is much of human kindness still in existence among mankind in all parts of the earth. Apostle Brigham Young narrates a very pleasing incident which occurred in his experience while he was upon his late mission in England. He had just arrived in London from a trip upon the continent and was standing by the ticket window of the Euston Street Railway Station purchasing tickets for himself and three companions for Liverpool. He was not in good health, and through fatigue as well as illness, was quite nervous, so that he forgot to examine his purse to see if he had sufficient means before attempting to make the purchase. The agent stamped the tickets and passed them to him, naming the amount necessary to be paid for the same, when to his great chagrin and astonishment Brother Young discovered that he lacked money with which to meet the obligation.

He stood for a moment wondering what to do, when immediately behind him a gentleman quickly inquired: ''How much do you need? What are you lacking?'' Brother Brigham was so confused that he really did not know, and replied: ''I do not know; ask the ticket agent.''

The latter gentleman responded that seven shillings were lacking, whereupon the gentleman, whom Brother Young had never seen before to his knowledge, and did not know whether he should ever see again, threw down the seven shillings, and thus enabled Brother Young to proceed on his way.

Hastening along to the railway conveyance with his three companions, Brother Young got them comfortably located, when an Elder whom he had sent to exchange some French for some English money, but whose return he scarcely expected before the train left, came rushing into the station with the money, whereupon Brother Young sought out his benefactor and repaid the amount which had been provided.

In talking with him concerning his kindness, the gentleman stated, in response to an inquiry why he had been so generous, that some years ago he found himself in a similar predicament, and some unknown gentleman gave him a sovereign with which to make up the amount to enable him to proceed on his journey and when he expressed his desire for the address of his unexpected friend that he might return to him as soon as possible the amount loaned, the gentleman declined to give him this information, and said, ''You will doubtless see other people in similar circumstances, and when you do so, please remember this act, and repay it by extending kindness to those who are thus situated.''

The gentleman replied that on many occasions he had found opportunity of extending to others the kindness which had so unexpectedly and gratifyingly been shown to him.

M. A.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts up his eyes.—*Cato.*

A well-governed appetite is the greater part of liberty.—*Seneca.*

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A GRATIFYING PROMISE.

IT WAS a source of very great satisfaction to Latter-day Saints to have the promise made them which was given during the late October Conference, concerning their financial affairs. From various causes a very large number of the Latter-day Saints have become involved in debt, from which the recent money stringency seemed to make it impossible for them to escape. They have consequently looked into the future with great dread at the prospect of losing their credit, and thereby becoming in a measure disgraced.

The people have felt to suffer almost any hardship rather than to lose their honor in financial matters. As one prominent and influential brother engaged largely in financial affairs recently expressed it: "I have prayed that the Lord will enable me to meet all my obligations, and promised if He would do so that I would willingly make any personal sacrifice which He might require of me." This has been the feeling of the majority of the Latter-day Saints, and the result has been that those who were largely involved, have endured mental anxiety for which no amount of money would compensate, during the past few months; hence, the great gratification which all such persons experienced in the prophecy which was uttered and which the Spirit of the Lord confirmed, that if the Saints would keep up their courage and faith in the Lord and use due diligence, they would be assisted out of their present financial difficulties without any loss of credit. They would also be in a better financial situation than they ever had been.

This promise, it was stated, applied not only to the Church as a whole, but to individuals, and is consequently one to which all of the Saints can cling with faith that it will be fulfilled, providing the people will merit, through their actions and their confidence, the promised results.

When the people once escape from their present bondage, the lesson they have learned will doubtless be so deeply impressed upon them as to prevent their ever placing themselves in a similar position. They will be more ready to sacrifice personal desires for the sake of avoiding debt than they have ever done, and the result will be greater economy in households as well as in communities. Another result which we may expect will be that home industries in our midst will be instituted and sustained with more carefulness than has been the case heretofore, and we may hope that such an impetus will be given to home industries that it will be possible for them to prosper in our midst as they never have done before. Indeed we can hope for permanent prosperity, and a very great increase in wealth in our community. We should soon have factories in which nearly every article we need for home consumption are produced.

It is an axiom patent to all, that so long as a community imports from abroad more than it produces, it will be continually inviting poverty, and must sooner or later become bankrupt. This is just as evident as the truth that a man who continually expends more than he earns will become poorer every day of his life. We have in Utah Territory all the elements necessary to make of us a very wealthy people. The land is fertile and abundant at the present time for the needs of a far more numerous people than those who now occupy this Territory, as well as the adjoining States and Territories where the Latter-day Saints are lo-

cated. We have minerals in abundance and of almost endless variety. We have skilled workmen in our midst acquainted with almost every branch of industry, and the materials are here for their employment. We have streams flowing from our mountains, the enormous power of which might be utilized for the turning of the wheels of industry, but these forces are as yet unemployed.

It only needs the determination of the people to succeed in manufactures to make of the Saints the thriftiest people in the United States, if not in the world, for God has so abundantly supplied them with the facilities for acquiring wealth, that they have no one but themselves to blame if they fail in this respect.

We urge every reader of the CONTRIBUTOR to use home manufactured products, wherever and whenever any article is needed which is produced at home, and then each individual should use his influence to extend this desire among his acquaintances and friends, so that we may be indeed a people sustaining each other in every respect. By pursuiug such a course it will not be long before the prediction made in our late conference will be verified with regard to the people, and in the prosperity which our beautiful country will see each member of the Church will share. The Lord will thus bring His people out of their bondage, and make of them, as He has promised they should some day be, lenders and not borrowers.

DECEIVING SPIRITS.

ONE of the dangers against which the scriptures warn the people of God, is that of being deceived by the evil spirits which are to be permitted to visit the earth. We are told that Satan sometimes appears even as an angel of light, and thus practices deception upon those who know not how to detect his true character. The adversary has various devices by which to mislead the inhabitants of the earth, and in order to escape his wiles it is necessary for every person to be on his guard, otherwise, when least expected, each person is likely to fall into error and lose the Spirit of the Lord. In fact there are none but what are subject to evil, but to those who are truly desirous of working righteousness, the spirit of discernment will be given, by which they may discover their weaknesses, as also the spirits which exist around them, and be better prepared to resist them in the future.

One of the evils against which we are warned of late is that of yielding to the sometimes fascinating false doctrines which are now so largely advocated in the world. These ideas are sometimes presented under the guise of religion, and are alleged to be revelations from the Lord. By this means some unwary persons, even members of this Church, are misled and go into darkness. Every person has the privilege of knowing for himself or herself concerning every matter of doctrine that may be advanced. The Spirit of the Lord, which each Latter-day Saint should possess, is fully capable of imparting information upon every matter of this character. The rule which has been adopted by President Joseph F. Smith, as expressed frequently by him, is one which all can profitably adopt. He says: "Whenever any new doctrine or idea is presented to me, I carefully examine it and measure it by the revelations of God, which He has given for the guidance of His Church, and if these doctrines or ideas do not agree with the word of the Lord, I immediately reject them, knowing that they come from beneath and not from above." This is a safe guide for every Latter-day Saint. Isaiah also says: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

As the end approaches we may expect increased exertion on the part

of the evil one to lead into darkness the children of men, and he will send into the world such marvelous deceptions, that only those who stand in close communion with God will be able to discern the destructive plans and devices which he will present. Consequently how necessary it is that we remain in the knowledge of God and in the favor of His Holy Spirit, that whenever doubts arise in our minds we may be able to appeal for decision to that great Source of wisdom which never fails, and from which Source no wrong counsel never issues.

MAN AS HE IS.

MANY attempts have been made and many more will be, to give a satisfactory answer to this problem of all problems relating to the life of man, the development of his natural, moral and spiritual capacities, and the laws by which they may be developed.

I may not offer anything new in this feeble attempt to express cherished views, but I may be led to express them in a manner and in such relation to each other as shall have a tendency to awaken investigation in other minds; which, if expressed, will have a tendency to aid and properly direct the rising generation in their researches after man's true relation to both God and nature.

Some writers claim there is vital importance attached to the distinction between the two; the one producing what St. Paul termed the *carnal* mind, according to the flesh; the other the *spiritual* mind, according to the spirit. Man evidently has a three-fold nature—three distinct classes of capacities, susceptibilities or powers. The first in point of time in their development are those which come in contact with the outward, material world, and may be termed his sensational nature, and includes all those powers which are brought into exercise, and are developed by sensation.

This sensational nature man has in common with all animals. A nature adapted to the action of matter upon it, and by means of which he is enabled to become conscious of an external world of matter. Much of intellectual philosophy is founded upon this fact.

Man also possesses a moral or spiritual nature, with moral or spiritual susceptibilities, capacities or powers, which must also be developed before his moral or spiritual life can begin. He is not conscious of the existence of these powers as early as he is of the possession of his sensational nature or powers. This shows that the spiritual life is not begun or developed as early as the animal life; hence must follow that the spiritual or moral nature is not developed through sensation, by coming in contact with the material world, but must be by other means.

This part of man's nature is adapted for the reception of law, of truth, of ideas of duty. Man's moral powers are affected only by the presentation of moral truth—by the conception in the mind of a law by which man ought to act. Moral consciousness is not developed until an age is reached when a child can form or receive moral laws which he regards as obligatory, as rules of action. He must have the idea that some things ought to be done by him, and that other things ought not to be done, before moral consciousness is developed, or the power of duty felt—the pangs of a wounded or the joys of an approving conscience, emotions of moral approbation and of disapprobation, and these must be communicated from some other source than sensation.

Two things are here involved; first, the reception in the mind of the *ideas* of rectitude, of the law of right and wrong, of duty and obligation; and secondly, the effect which these ideas exert upon these moral powers of humanity. These ideas may be formed by one's own mind, or be received from other minds which have formed them. If the mind receiving these ideas adopt them as true, as obligatory, they become true to that mind, and will exert all the influence on the moral powers that absolute verity is designed to exert. Man's moral or spiritual nature can be developed only in this way: by the communication of moral truths or ideas to the mind. As innate ideas are no longer recognized, all ideas in the mind must originate outside of the mind, either by means of sensation, or in some other way. As the doctrine of transformed sensations is not now recognized, they must be received by the infant mind from another mind which has already formed them. And if so, then man's moral powers are developed in a mode entirely different from that by which his sensational nature is developed; and the law which prevails in the one cannot possibly govern the other.

The third class of powers is that of *knowledge*. Man is not only capable of having his natural and spiritual powers developed, brought into action, but he is also capable of studying and comprehending these powers, and the mode of their development. When the mind studies a sensation, there arises an act of *perception*. The man not only feels —he knows.

Knowledge thus acquired enables us to study and verify ideas; these moral judgments, these laws of right and wrong, and their influence in developing our moral or spiritual powers, and out of this knowledge the mind constructs a science of mind and morals. A science of matter and motion may be constructed out of perception and sensations, but a science of morality must be constructed out of ideas. To construct a science of morality the intellect must have the *facts* on which our moral ideas rest, and these are very different from those obtained by the *understanding*, that faculty which judges according to *sense*.

All animals have the power to study their sensations so as to attain to a *perception;* they recognize an external world. Man is endowed with this faculty in a much higher degree; he can construct sciences of matter from the facts of the understanding, far beyond the mere animal in its study for that only which is necessary for the preservation of its animal life.

Man studies these facts of the understanding, in the light of the facts of *reason*, and by it attains to a more exalted idea of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of that GREAT FACT—without which a morality is impossible—the existence and character of God.

Some inferences may be suggested as following these views. They show the vital importance of the distinction stated by St. Paul between the *carnal* mind, or the mind according to the *flesh;* and the *spiritual* mind, or the mind according to the *spirit*. There is a wide, impassable difference between the two, and they are governed by very different laws. There seems to be a *carnal* and a *spiritual* perception requiring the exercise of a distinct set of capacities. Paul explained spiritual things to spiritual men, because the *natural* man rejects the teachings of God's Spirit. "For they who live after the *flesh* mind *fleshly* things; but they who live after the *spirit* mind *spiritual* things. The fleshly mind is death, but the spiritual mind is life and peace." These and numerous other passages indicate a wide difference between the sensational and spiritual nature of man. There is a *natural* and a *spiritual* perception. The *understanding* and the *reason*

deal each with a distinct set of facts, and develop separate and distinct faculties.

This view of the human mind being correct, then all our moral ideas and truths must be received by *revelation*; and if we cannot obtain these facts and ideas but in this way —by *revelation*, no other human mind could which has preceded us in the long march of humanity; hence the original man, must have obtained his knowledge directly from his Creator, whereby divine revelation necessarily becomes the source of all our moral facts and ideas. The fact that we have the facts and ideas from which morality is drawn, and upon which it is founded, is proof positive of a *divine revelation* from God to man.

The spirit or reason has its own laws; and it is in the light of the spirit that all our other capacities are to be studied. They are all subordinate to the spirit, appointed to be means for its development and culture.

A morality involving the idea of obligation cannot be constructed except upon the assumption of a God, the Creator and Moral Governor of humanity—MAN.

S. W. Richards.

DANCING OVER A VOLCANO.

An incident occurred about fifty years ago in Hamburg, which placed a large company of people in a position where, unknown to themselves, they were in the greatest danger of being utterly blown to pieces, and were only delivered from a terrible fate by the merest chance.

A resident merchant, Mr. L——, issued invitations for the celebration at his home of the engagement of his daughter, and over a hundred persons were present. They danced and enjoyed themselves in various ways, little dreaming that there was stored in the room below them a sufficient number of kegs of powder to demolish the mansion and hurl its occupants into eternity. The merchant was aware of this dangerous material being in his house, but did not think of it in the midst of the enjoyment, in which he with the others passed the time. Suddenly, however, as if by inspiration, the remembrance of this powder flashed through his mind, but he tried to satisfy himself with the thought that nothing could happen, as the cellar was well secured, and the powder certainly would not explode except by coming in contact with fire.

Notwithstanding these suppositions, he became restless, and finally went into the hall, where he met a maid who had recently been taken into his service. She was just returning from the cellar, and in her arms were several bottles of wine for the refreshment of the guests. He immediately inquired: "Have you been in the cellar?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You obeyed my command, and took no light with you, did you?" he asked.

The girl replied in the negative to this question. She had taken a candle with her, and having several bottles in her arms, had left it burning.

This reply startled the merchant, and his heart began to beat faster. Without saying another word he rushed to the cellar to obtain the light which he feared might be near the barrels of powder, one of which was opened, and thus exposed to sparks. The next moment he was in the basement, but the sight which greeted his eye far exceeded what he had feared. The candle, which was of tallow and without any holder, was burning, not only near the powder, but was standing up in the

middle of the open barrel, the maid having supposed, as she afterwards testified, that the material was only ordinary sand. The candle had already burned down considerably, and part of the wick threatened every moment to fall among the powder.

The sight so astounded the gentleman that for a moment it was impossible for him to move, and he stood as one dead. He was aroused from this stupor by the happy laughter of the company in the hall above, and then by the waltz music, which just started. The dance began again. The floor shook, and the bottles against the wall sounded a dismal dirge, but the candle in the powder did not tremble. Yes, the merchant thought he saw it move. Now it was about to fall, and as it did so, with a terrible explosion, the house was thrown into the air, and where a few moments ago happiness and mirth reigned supreme, nothing was now to be seen but smoking ruins and bloody corpses. The merchant felt his hair raise on end, as the panorama of this occurrence passed before his mind's eye, and with an unspeakable horror he rushed to the light, seized it, as though it were a deadly enemy, with both hands, and pulled it, with the light extinguished, out of the barrel. Then, as if in a dream, he passed from the cellar.

The company was saved, but he who had done the work, sank senseless to the floor as he reached the head of the stairs. A fever set in, which it required many long weeks to overcome. *A. Gh.*

INTELLIGENCE.

Intelligence is the watch word grand
  That echoes all along the line
Of human progress, moving on
  To realms of light and bliss divine.
Man is the peer of angels blest,
  Who shine in heaven's full-orbed day;
His spirit with divine unrest
  Is filled while bound to mortal clay.

Is he in truth but "half divine"
  Who claims for purest Omniscient God,
Within whose soul the spirit life
  Shines to light earth's baser clod?
Ah! when God's spirit stirs the heart
  It wakens in the quickened soul
Thoughts too deep for finite mind
  To wholly grasp as on they roll.

We know in part, in part we see,
  And knowing, seeing, fain would scan
The mysterious eternity,
  And view at once life's complete plan.
But the vail is drawn and only faith
  May pierce the clouds that roll between
Man's shrouded vision and the life
  That is to come—the life that's been.

The barriers by earth are raised,
  And the soul must e'en be content
With the gleams which Heaven be praised
  To strengthen its valor are sent.
Little by little, from faith to faith,
  Onward and upward leads the way
Not all at once from the depths of night
  Breaks the sun in full-orbed day.

M. E. P.

M. I. WORK AND METHODS.

President Brigham Young made provision for the organization of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association in every ward in Zion.

President Wilford Woodruff has declared it the duty of every young man in Zion to be a member of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

Young men are continually adding testimony to testimony of the scholastic and spiritual benefits derived from M. I. work. It follows therefore that these organizations are permanent, and as such, should be kept in perfect working order.

The term "reorganization" is often misapplied to the annual sustaining of officers and filling of vacancies.

Those who have paid proper attention to the circulars of instruction sent out by the General Superintendency need not be reminded that when a man accepts an office in the M. I. ranks he is *responsible* for that office and calling until he is released, and the responsibility taken by some one else. An officer can not throw off responsibility by any amount of inactivity or neglect.

There seems to be a lack of understanding among some of our officers, in regard to the resuming of the association work in each year. The M. I. *Student's* year, i. e., the regular working school year, begins the *first week in September*, and its report closes April 30th (see Roll and Record), but the officers of the associations are not in any way exempt from duty at any time. There is no dissolution of any association, no expiration of any term of office, no termination of membership obligations, no entire discontinuance of meetings, as the joint council meeting, and monthly joint sessions should be continued during the summer; in fact, the Association influence and interest should be kept up, and class work only suspended, and that should be so planned that it is ready to be taken up at the first meeting held in the following September.

The presidency should realize that they have been called and sustained to lead in this matter, under the direction of the Bishop and Stake officers; and they should not wait for either the Bishop or the Stake Superintendent to tell them when to begin the work.

Neither should the beginning of class work be delayed by waiting for a large number to commence with, the work should begin if there be but five and they all officers.

Meetings should be called on circular time, first week in September, by the president; if the president be away the first counselor should call the meeting, and if neither the president nor the first counselor be at home then the second counselor should attend to the work. All the young men in the ward should be especially invited to attend this first meeting. The roll should be called and the names of all the members present and also the names of those having sent written or verbal requests for continuance of membership, should be entered on the new roll first, then the names of new members.

The plan of work should then be submitted as outlined and appointments made for next meeting, thus the class work is begun with an energy that is never generated by waiting and wasting time.

Having thus started on time the Stake Superintendent can be notified of the active condition of the association and can set a time for the holding of the annual meeting for the sustaining of officers and the filling of vacancies, as it is desirable that the Bishop of the ward and the Stake Superintendent be present at this meeting. In case a change of officers is desired, the incumbent should hand in his resignation which should be acted upon by the association, that

a record of the release of officers may be kept. In the selection of new officers the Bishop should always be consulted, as the nominating prerogative is his, which, however, he may delegate.

Officers should be sustained by the vote, influence and efforts of the members and also by the vote of the Saints in the ward.

"*Each member will find that happiness in this world mainly depends on the work he does and the way in which he does it.*" These are the words of Brigham Young and Daniel H. Wells, First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in their letter of appointment dated November 6th, 1875.

This individual work on the principle of divinely-directed self-effort is the key, foundation, structure and capstone of true education. In order that individual work may be related and progressive, the Ward Association work must be continuous and progressive; and in order that the Ward Association shall be progressive and related, the Stake work must be intensified and pushed as a working unit.

M. H. Hardy.
G. H. Brimhall.

M. I. MANUAL PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

Lecture 1.

TITHING.

Subdivisions:—A principle of the Gospel. — A standing law to the people. — Its antiquity (*a*) in the days of Abraham; (*b*) in the days of Jacob; (*c*) in the days of Moses. —Its restoration (*a*) by covenant; (*b*)by revelation.—Object (1) individual blessing, (*a*) spiritual; (*b*) temporal or physical: (2) public benefit. References: Doc. and Cov. Sec. 119; Gen. xiv, xviii; Lev. xxvii; Malachi iii; Matt. xxviii; Heb. vii; Comp. pp. 161–163; Life of Joseph Smith pp. 180–181.

Self-review:—1. What is the law of Tithing? 2. What can you say of the antiquity of this law? 3. When and by whom was the covenant relating to the law made? 4. When and how was the law restored? 5. Who are tithe-payers? 6. What blessing is predicated upon keeping this law? 7. What is the consequence of disregarding this law?

Lecture 2.

PRAYER.

Subdivisions:—Prayer, a principle of the Gospel.—A priceless privilege. —Kinds of prayer, (*a*) secret prayer, (*b*) family prayer, (*c*) public opening prayer, (*d*) public closing prayer, (*e*) prayer with the sick, (*f*) dedicatory prayer.—Essential qualities, (*a*) faith, (*b*) humility, (*c*) fervency, (*d*) propriety.—The power of prayer, (*a*) in obtaining pardon, (*b*) in securing protection, (*c*) in getting guidance, (*d*) in gaining power. — Results of neglecting prayer. Ref. Doc. and Cov., sec. 61, 68, 121; Matt. xxi; Mark xi; Matt. vi; Hymn Book p. 358.

Self-review:—1. Give Scriptural proof that prayer is commanded by the Lord. 2. Show that prayer is a sacred principle of individual right. 3. What is the most consistent order of procedure and arrangement for family prayer? 4. What should propriety in prayer suggest on all occasions? Which of the four objects or powers named in the subdivisions was specially sought in prayer by Solomon and Joseph the Prophet?

Lecture 3.

FASTING.

Subdivisions:—A principle of the Gospel.—What proper fasting is.—The objects of fasting.—Effects of

fasting, (*a*) physical, (*b*) spiritual.—Typical illustrations, (*a*) Moses' (*b*) the Savior's. Ref. Deut. ix; Matt. vi; Matt. iv; Doc. and Cov. sec. 95.

Self-review:—1. What constitutes a proper fast? 2. Name the objects of our regular or monthly fast. 3. Name three special fasts with which you have been acquainted. 4. Show that consistent fasting is a physical benefit. 5. Give evidence that spiritual strength follows proper fasting.

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 1.

JOURNEY OF THE ISRAELITES FROM SINAI TO ZION.

Subdivisions:—The census.—Arrangement of the families and order of march.—The inordinate desire for animal food.—The sojourn at Hazeroth on account of Miriam's punishment for presumptuously criticising Moses.—Reconnoitering the land of Canaan with a view to possessing their rightful inheritances. — The Lord's rejection of the generation.—The rebellion of Korah.—The supremacy of the Melchizedek over the Levitical authority which at that time was changed to the Aaronic. Time, 1490–1471, B. C. Ref. Numbers chapters i–xx; Josephus, Book IV, chapters i–iv.

Self-review:—1. What was the order of arrangement and of march from Sinai to Zion? 2. What great lesson was taught by the punishment of the fault-finders at Hazeroth? 3. On what grounds could the Israelites claim the right to possess Palestine? 4. State the cause and effect of the rebellion. 5. Why was the Levitical authority changed to the Aaronic?

LECTURE 2.

THE LAST DAYS OF MOSES.

Subdivisions:—His victorious leadership.—His discourse at the end of forty years.—His song.—His prophecy.—His blessing of the twelve tribes.—His death and burial. Time, 1452, B. C. Ref. Numbers chapters xxi to end, Book of Deut., Josephus, Book IV, chapters iv–viii.

Self-review:—1. What was the source of Moses' success as a victorious leader? 2. Mention five definite points of his great discourse. 3. Give a choice selection from the songs of Moses. 4. What was the special blessing pronounced upon the tribe of Levi by Moses. 5. Give circumstances recorded concerning the death of Moses.

LECTURE 3.

THE ENTRANCE OF ISRAEL INTO THE LAND OF THEIR FOREFATHERS.

Subdivisions:—The keys of authority given to Joshua: See Deut. 34.—Revelation in regard to the completion of the exodus.—The miraculous passage through Jordan; (*a*) the special preparation; (*b*) the passage; (*c*) the two sets of stone memorials—one at the bed of the river, and the one at Gilgal, near Jericho, the first encampment of the Israelites in Palestine. Time 1451, B. C. Ref., Joshua, i–vi; Josephus, Book V, chapter i.

Self-review:—1. To whom were the keys of authority given at the death of Moses? 2. What lesson was taught by the terrible fate of the man who undertook to steady the ark? 3. What was the object of the setting up of the two sets of stones? 4. What principle was illustrated by stopping the manna-supply? 5. Describe the visit of the angel.

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

The Reign of the Judges.

LECTURE 1.

THE GENERAL REFORMATION.

Subdivisions:—The work at Zarahemla; (*a*) Alma's discourse to the Saints; (*b*) ordination of Priests and Elders to preside; (*c*) new record of membership — The administrative work at Gideon; (*a*) his sermon;

(*b*) setting in order this branch of the church. Ref. Alma iv–viii.

Self-review:--1. Describe the social and financial conditions of the people of Zarahemla in the sixth year of the reign of the Judges. 2. From what necessity was the office of High Priest and Chief Judge filled by different persons? 3. What was the chief, direct aim of Alma's discourse? 4. What special regulations were established in the church by Alma at Zarahemla? 5. Give Alma's prophecy concerning the Savior as revealed at Gideon.

Lecture 2.

ALMA'S MISSION IN THE WEST.

Subdivisions:—His kind reception and good work at Melek.—His labors at Ammonihah; (*a*) the people reject him and the Gospel message he brought them; (*b*) the ministration of the angel; (*c*) his return to Ammonihah by the command of the angel; (*d*) Amulek, the favored polygamous Nephite, receives and entertains Alma; (*e*) Alma's prophetic warning, and Amulek's powerful testimony; (*f*) the conversion of Zeezrom, the lawyer, and others; (*g*) the stoning and banishing of converts, and the burning of their families and the Scriptural records; (*h*) the barbarous imprisonment and mobbing of Alma and Amulek; (*i*) their deliverance by divine interposition, terrible death of the mob leaders, and dismay of the infidel multitude. Ref. Alma viii–xv.

Self-review:—1. Name three of the most important things done by Alma at Melek. 2. In obedience to the command of whom did Alma return to Ammonihah? 3. What special power of protection was given to Alma and Amulek? 4. What was the *unit* of measure among the people? (See Alma, chapter xi.)

Lecture 3.

THE INVASION OF ZARAHEMLA BY THE LAMANITES.

Subdivisions:—The war-cry.—The surprise and capture of the city of Ammonihah—General Zoram's conference with the High Priest, Alma.—The appeal to the Lord for instructions.—The revealed plan of operations.—The rout and ruin of the Nehor invaders. Ref. Alma xvi.

Self-review:—1. Show that safety even in war attends divine direction. 2. What illustration is here given that prophecy must be fulfilled? 3. What was the profession of Nehor? 4. What evidence does this lesson give of the United Order among the Nephites? 5. What was the doctrine preached by the priests appointed by Alma?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Times continued.*)

Lecture 1.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

Subdivisions:—First epistle (from Athens); (*a*) chastity; (*b*) industry; (*c*) business ("Mormon creed").—Second epistle, (*a*) practical illustrations of self-support by manual labor; (*b*) brotherly treatment of those weak in the faith. Time, A.D. 54. Ref. I Thes. ch. i–v.

Self-review:—1. From what city did Paul write his first epistle to the Thessalonians. 2. With what special topics does the first epistle treat. 3. Give the apostle's views in regard to business. (I Thes. ch. 4, verse 11.) 4. What reason does Paul assign for refusing to depend on the hospitality of the people. (II Thes. ch. iii.) 5. Give the counsel of Paul in regard to the treatment of those who neglect to obey. (II Thes. ch. iii.)

Lecture 2.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS (FROM EPHESUS).

Subdivisions:— Unchangeableness of the Gospel—Review of his missionary work—No nationality in the Church of Christ—Works of the flesh contrasted with the fruits of the

spirit—Self-criticism. Time, 58, A. D. Ref. Galatians.

Self-review:—1. Prove by a quotation from Paul that the gospel is unchangeable. See Gal. i. 2. To whom was Paul a special missionary? 3. What is meant by no nationality in the church? 4. Prove that the spirit should control the flesh. 5. Quote verses two, three and four, of chapter vi.

LECTURE 3.

PAUL'S WRITING TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Subdivisions:—His teachings in regard to litigations between brethren (identical with that of the Latter-day Saints). — Temptation. — Partaking of the sacrament. Time, 59, A. D. Ref. I Cor. v, x and xi.

Self-review:—1. What does Paul mean by the "leaven of malice?" See I Cor. v. 2. Quote Paul on giving offenses. x, 32. 3. Explain 9th verse, ch. v. 4. What is especially taught by ch. xi, verse 16? 5. Give Paul's words concerning the sacrament. (See verses 27 to 30.)

A KIND OFFICER.

DURING the raid in Arizona for violators of the anti-polygamy laws, an officer of the government at Prescott was given a warrant of arrest to serve on the wife of a prominent church official located in one of the Stakes. She was desired as a witness. The officer started on his journey of about one hundred and fifty miles and found the lady at home. She acknowledged the service of the process and made preparations to accompany the officer. While she was doing so the latter inquired, "Do you acknowledge service of process?"

"Yes, I do," she answered.

"How old is your baby?" he asked.

"A month old."

"Well, you remain at home. I won't drag you across the country with that child to please anyone," he said.

With this remark he left, and as soon as possible reported himself and his labors to the court at Prescott, where he was reprimanded by the judge and prosecuting attorney for a seeming neglect of duty.

The marshal merely replied, "I'll be d—d if I am going to drag that woman across the desert, and make myself responsible for the life of the child. If you want to do it, that is your affair."

Be it said to the credit of all concerned, the lady was left without further molestation.

A COOL-HEADED MONARCH.

WHEN in the year 1795, the troubles in France threatened the peace and security of all Europe, King George III. of England, while traversing the streets of London had his carriage surrounded by a great mob. A bullet from the crowd shattered the glass of both doors. The shooter could not, however, be discovered. The king quietly continued his journey to Parliament where he delivered his opening speech in a clear and strong voice. As he returned from Westminster to his castle a still larger and more threatening crowd was in the way, which was dispersed only with the greatest difficulty.

On May 15th, 1800, though the conditions had very much changed, the discontent of the people was still very great. Word was brought to the minister that a plan was laid to assassinate the king that evening while he was at the theater, and for this reason his advisers urged him not to attend the Drury Lane theater as he had announced in the morning he would do.

George III. replied that he feared nothing, and would above all things keep his promise. Nevertheless, on arriving at the place of amusement he left his family outside his private box, and entered alone. A

former army officer named Hatfield, who had been dismissed from the service, had secured a place in the parquette and held in his hand a heavily loaded pistol. Just as he was bringing it into position to shoot, a gentleman sitting by his side observed his intent, and by giving his elbow a sharp blow caused the bullet to go higher than was intended.

The king, far from being excited by the event, turned to the back part of the box where the queen was waiting by the door for permission to enter, and said: "Remain outside for a short time. Some person is amusing himself by exploding cartridges, and the fun is perhaps not yet ended."

Then he pressed forward to the railing in full view of the audience, and with arms extended said in a loud voice: "Now shoot, if you still have the desire to do so!"

Such courage seldom fails to affect the multitude. The whole audience rose to a man, and greeted with loud shouts this brave act. The king thereupon turned to his family with the remark: "You may now enter. There is no more danger. We can now watch the play undisturbed."

C. T.

A DANGEROUS VOYAGE.

In the year 1881 I was requested by the president of the Swiss and German Mission to accompany a small number of emigrating German Saints from Hamburg to Liverpool, at which latter place arrangements were to be made for the further journey, there being no returning Elder who could speak the language. We embarked one beautiful evening in a vessel that was loaded with a considerable cargo of export products, and comparatively little room was left for the accommodation of passengers. After some time, however, all were comfortably located, and the journey began. By the next morning a violent storm was in progress, and all the passengers were sick. As the day wore on there was no sign of abatement of the storm, but it rather increased in violence. The captain evidently became very anxious and would not leave his post on the bridge except for a very few moments at a time.

By afternoon the fury of the storm had alarmingly increased. The ship rolled and tossed, and was driven hither and thither by the wind. The waves dashed over the deck, necessitating the closing of every door and window, but this was not done until many passengers had been drenched by the salt water that came through the openings. At times it seemed as though we must go to the bottom. So severe was the storm that no attempt was made to prepare meals, which, however, the sea-sick passengers could not have eaten even if it had been offered.

When the afternoon was about half gone the captain, a sturdy old seaman, came below and said it was very doubtful if his vessel could weather the storm, as a mast was broken and the ship was unmanageable. "Still," he continued, "I will do all I can, but I wanted you all to understand the situation and be prepared for the result."

The most of the passengers were so sick as to apparently lose all fear of death, and no excitement ensued. There were several wealthy gentlemen, however, who were just returning to their homes in England, and these wept and prayed, wringing their hands with anguish at their dismal prospect. I felt as calm as my sea sickness would permit, and was confident that we would safely reach our destination. I so assured

my fellow-travelers, but they only looked at me with questioning eyes. I told them vessels containing Mormons never sank. They hoped not, but shooked their heads doubtfully. The Saints were the only complacent passengers aboard.

During the whole night the storm raged with unabated violence, and the captain, unable to maintain his footing on the bridge, ordered himself lashed to the mast, where he issued his orders with stentorian tones, and managed the ship with great skill during all the dark hours of the night, though nearly blinded and drowned by the turbulent waves. While the captain was on the watch above, the passengers were anxiously watching below, and without doubt every eye remained unclosed while the storm raged.

Shortly after the light dawned the following morning the storm fiend seemed to lose his strength, and the captain with dripping clothes, swollen and inflamed eyes, came below with the joyous news that danger was past, and we would shortly be in port. "But never," said he, "in my fifty years' experience on the sea, have I seen such a storm."

The passengers were almost ready to embrace the gallant captain for his noble conduct, and unflagging watchfulness, and when we arrived in Hull it was a happy load of human souls that stepped ashore, thankful to the Lord for His preserving care, and grateful to the vessel's officers and crew for their courage through this most trying ordeal. *A. H. Cannon.*

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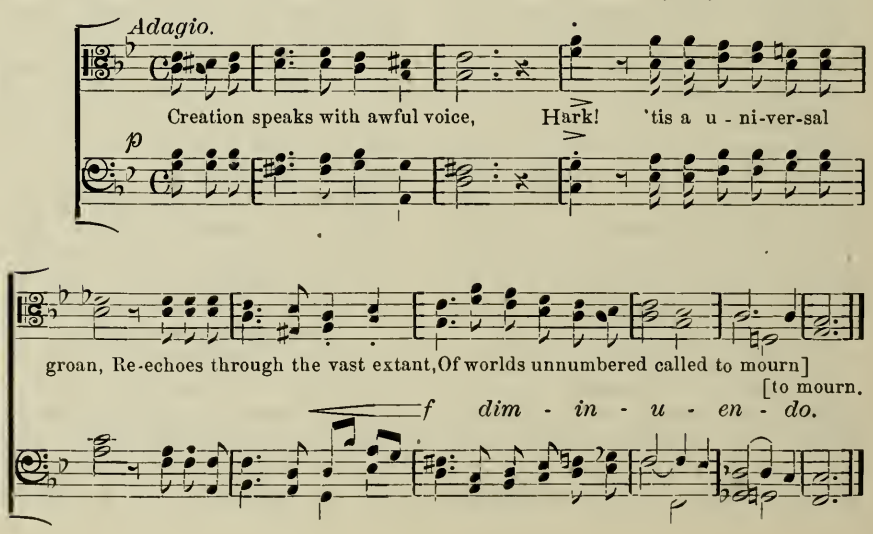

Andante.

For sickness, sorrow, pain and death, For sickness, sorrow, pain and death, With

f

aw - ful tyranny have reigned, While all e-ter-ni - ty has shed Her tears of

p *p*

sorrow o'er the slain. But, hark! again a voice is

Allegro.

ral. *ff*

heard, again a voice is heard, Re-sounding through the solemn gloom, A

tem. *ral.*

migh - ty conqu'rer has appeared, In triumph rising from the tomb, In

cres - cen - do. *ff* *p*

triumph rising from the tomb. The King shall soon in clouds des-

Allegro.

rit. *ff*

cend, The King shall soon in clouds descend, With all the heav'nly hosts a-

bove, With all the heavenly hosts above, The dead shall rise and

ff

hail their friends, And always dwell with those they love.

dim. e rit.

Andante.

No tear, no sor - row, death or pain, Shall

e'er be known to en - ter there, But perfect peace im-

cres - -

Adagio.

mortal bloom, Shall reign triumphant ev - ery - where.

cen - - *do.* *ff* *pp*

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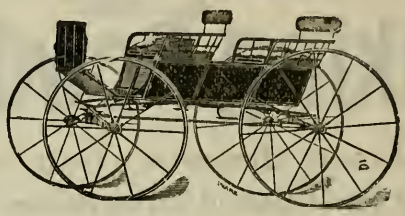

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